

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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ORGAN OF THE
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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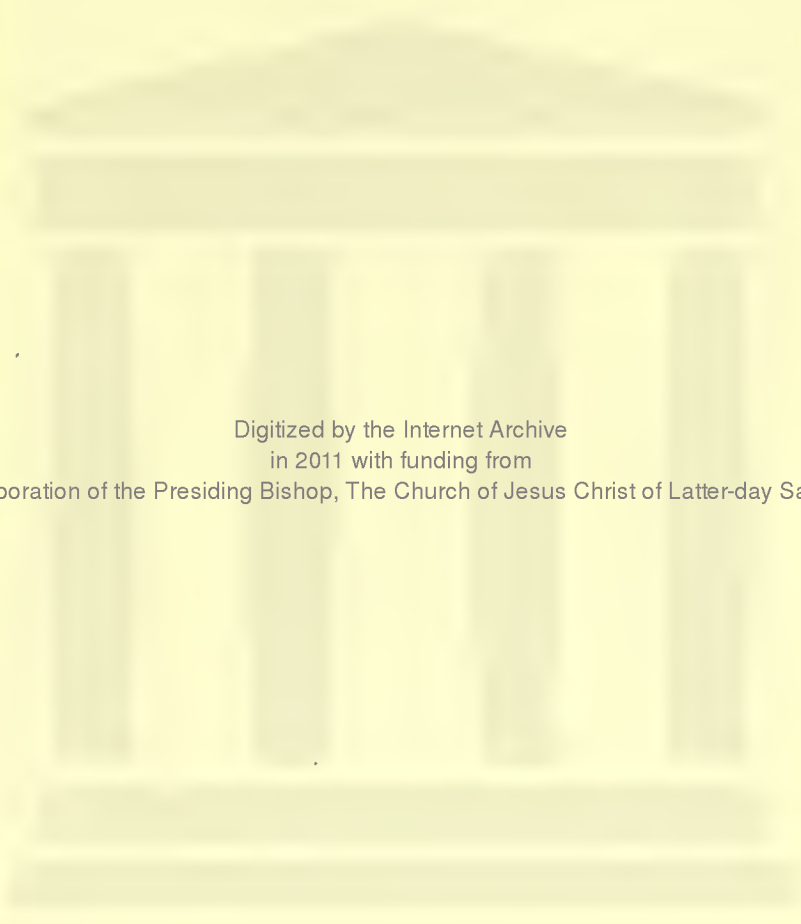


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THE DISMAL NIGHT.
From an original painting by Geo. M. Ottinger.

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Marina.

By Elizabeth Rachel Cannon.

More wonderful than the rise of the Dowager Empress of China was the career of Marina, for the Indian girl's elevation from slavery to Empress was brought about by a white Sun God, who came sailing out of the East.

Malinche, as she was called by the Mexicans, was born on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the land of pretty women.

She was the only daughter of a chief, who died while she was young. Her mother married again. She brooded over the fact that her daughter would inherit all the property,

while her son, by her second marriage, would have nothing. Accordingly, this unnatural mother went out and sold the girl to some slave dealers from Yucatan; she then took advantage of the death of a child of one of her slaves to hold a mock funeral over the corpse, pretending that it was her own daughter who had died.

While her burial obsequies were being performed with great solemnity, Malinche, alive, was being borne with other unfortunates through the jungle in the train of the slave merchants. On their arrival at Yucatan, she was purchased by the Cacique of the place.



MEETING OF CORTEZ AND MONTEZUMA IN THE PALACE OF THE AZTEC KING.

She brought a good price, for the girl was beautiful and early gave promise of that richness of mind that afterwards distinguished her.

Here, near the magnificent Palenque, the still city of the dead Nephites, amid the luxuriant vegetation in the warm damp out of doors, the girl blossomed like a brilliant flower.

When the Spanish soldiery visited the coast, she was a charming woman of eighteen, so strikingly handsome, that the chief included her with the twenty maids of rank that he presented to the conqueror, Cortez. Like Joseph sold into Egypt, fate guided her destiny, for without her the conquest could not have been



MARINA.

Flo Barnett.

The Spanish ships had put to sea and were nearing the coast of Mexico, when they were hailed by Indians in canoes. They were taken aboard, where they talked with many gestures.

"Let the interpreter, Aguilar, be brought," commanded the captain. The priest listened to the natives a moment, then said slowly, "These men speak the tongue of Mexico, while I only understand that of Yucatan."

They stared blankly at one another when one of the sailors said suddenly, "One of the maids is a native born Mexican. Perhaps she would understand."

"Not the handsome one with the black eyes?" quickly questioned Hernando Cortez.

"As for black eyes, they all have that, but if the captain Hernan refers to the one christened Marina, that was alloted to Leon, it is she," explained the man, with a scarcely perceptible smile.

"Let her be brought."

Marina was the embodiment of all the finest characteristics of her race, as she glided on deck, her light cotton garments fluttering in the breeze. Little wonder that the chivalrous adventurers forgot the message in the interpreter!

Cortez was quick to take advantage of her knowledge of the language, and after the Spaniards landed, in the exchange of presents with Montezuma's messengers and the parleys with the coast chiefs, her services were of inestimable value. She quickly learned Spanish, because to her it was the language of love, for Cortez first made her his interpreter, next his secretary, and then his wife.

It was when he had scuttled his ships, and he stood alone, with the hostile Indian empire ahead of him, and his own men threatening to take his life that Marina capitulated. From him her loyalty never swerved though it cost her her prince, her people, and finally, her own happiness. It was owing to her that two Indian prin-

cesses were passed on to the captains about this time, though they were intended for Cortez; however, in justice be it said, that one was ill favored and the other "dumpy and dark."

When fifty Tlascalans brought food to the starved and shivering Spanish garrison in the mountains, it was her keen wit, sharpened by love, that discovered that they were spies and saved the white men in the night attack.

At Cholula, where the Spaniards

next day. Two priests corroborated her story. Consequently, when the Cholulan dogs came to the slaughter the next morning they were the butchered, not the butchers. Artillery, that the superstitious heathen called "thunder and lightning," swept the streets clear, and naked Indian bodies went down under the iron shod hoofs of the cavalry.

The queer little band skirted the "smoking mountain," plunged into the



GRACEFUL RUINS OF INDIAN WORKMANSHIP.

were led into a trap, a woman of the Holy City, charmed with the girl's beauty and evident wealth, wanted Marina to marry her son. She went to the wife of the Spanish leader and begged her to seek refuge in her house. Marina, scenting danger, pretended to acquiesce. Excusing herself on the plea that she wanted to gather up her jewelry to take with her, she rushed to her lord and acquainted him with her suspicions. He ordered the woman seized. She confessed that the strangers were to be massacred the

icy canyons, crossed the salt lakes, and entered the jaws of death, Tenochtitlan, stronghold of the dread Montezuma, where their foes outnumbered them a thousand to one. Men of iron spirit, these, with muscles of woven steel, learned in the wars with the Moors, with understanding as broad as the Spanish realms, passionate with the lust of gold, and backed by the dread power of the church. Gamblers they, who threw their lives into one throw of fortune for the mere love of adventure.

There was the long line of dusky allies, the Tamames bent under their burdens, the lumbering cannon, cross-bowmen resplendant in glittering steel. The valiant little band included such stout hearts as Pizarro, future conqueror of Peru, the saintly Olmedo, the gallant Sandoval, and dashing Alvarado whom the Mexicans called Tonatuih, the Sun, on account of his yellow locks, and lastly Cortez, neither so young as the former, nor as handsome as the latter, but master of both. Bathed in brilliant sunlight, he sat his white charger with a debonair grace. Nowhere was a cloud, not even on his stern face, for he purposed to win against the fearful odds, not by armed mail but the glib tongue of a woman—the woman that even now reposed like a dove in her white litter borne on the shoulders of brawny Tlascalans.

The Spanish band discoursed ringing music, but a sudden hush fell upon the multitude that lined the street

and roofs. The curious eyes of the multi-colored throng that had assembled to view the stranger, were down-cast, for down the broad avenue in his palanquin of royal green, came the emperor of the Aztecs. Supported on the shoulders of his lords, Montezuma stepped down and Marina took her place at the head of the white charger. Cortez dismounted and went up to embrace his royal host, when Marina translated, hurriedly, "No one can touch the person of the emperor."

The words of welcome delivered by the Monarch, and the retorts of the Spaniard in which he explained he was but the ambassador of a greater ruler beyond the seas, all went through the mouth of Marina, as likewise the pretty compliments attending the exchange of gifts, Montezuma's present of priceless treasure and Cortez's worthless baubles, beads of glass.

Thanks to the silver-tongued interpreter, amicable relations were es-



SACRIFICIAL STONE OF THE AZTECS. (EIGHT FEET IN DIAMETER.)

tablished between the barbarian and his unwelcome guests.

In the days that followed, when Montezuma admitted his guests to the council chamber, showed them his zoo, the great market place, his pleasure gardens at Chapultepec, and finally the sacrificial temple on the pyramid, with its smoking altars and gory hearts, Marina,—both ears and voice to him,—was ever at the side of Cortez.

When Cortez conceived the unheard of impudence of seizing the Aztec Monarch and shielding his men from the fury of the Indians behind the person of their king, Marina accompanied the few picked men selected to execute the daring abduction. They found the Aztec Monarch with members of his family, whom he dismissed when Marina intimated that the Spanish captain would speak with him alone. Even her proud spirit quailed at the proposition she was about to make. When Montezuma finally understood that the Spaniards wanted him to remove to their quarters, he was dumb-founded with astonishment.

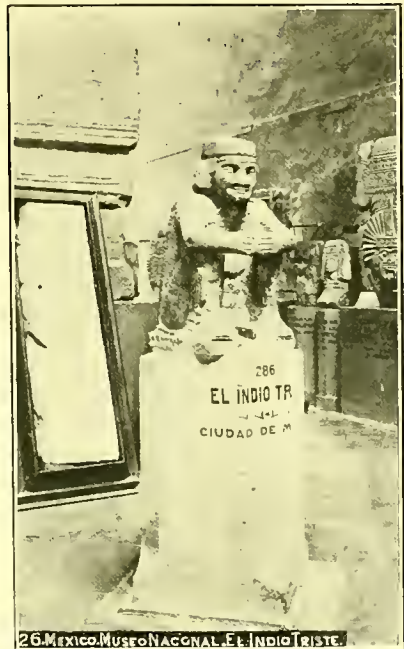
"But even if I consented to this outrage, my people would never permit it," he cried.

"Let us done with this heathen dog,"



BAS-RELIEF OF ANCIENT WARRIORS.

exclaimed Leon, brutally grasping his sword. He had listened impatiently while Marina had tried to soften the



286 Mexico Museo Nacional. EL INDIJO TRISTE.

THE SAD INDIAN.

Excavated on the street of that name. sentence that he, the emperor, was virtually a prisoner.

"What does he say?" asked Montezuma, in alarm, comprehending the gesture.

Marina, pitying, did not answer, but entreated, "Oh, king, go with these men now, or they will surely kill you."

Montezuma, recognizing fate, turned away his head and murmured, "I will go."

During the long sojourn of the royal family in the palace of Ayacatl, the gentle Marina became greatly beloved by its members in spite of her relation to the man who steeped their royal head in ignominy.

When Narvaez landed on the coast with nine hundred men, and Cortez purposed to march down and overcome him, Marina preferred to endure the terrible hardships of the journey with him, rather than remain behind in luxury in the city of Mexico. Cor-

tez, bearing in mind the amorous character of Alvarado, whom he left in command there, was willing that she should go.

Owing to the ill judgment of Alvarado's rule, when Cortez returned with his victorious troops, he found a sullen and enraged people. They set the Spanish quarters on fire, and when the Mexicans besieged the place, determined to starve the strangers out, Cortez forced Montezuma out upon the parapets to entreat his people to desist. Their answer was an arrow that hit its mark, and a shower of stones. Montezuma fell, and was carried bleeding into the palace.

After that the broken-hearted monarch refused to be comforted and tore the bandages from his wounds.

"I am a traitor in the eyes of my people," he moaned. Though it was not expressed, he felt the silent contempt the Spaniards felt for his weak, vacillating nature. He never rallied, and soon after died.

When the body of her monarch was lying in state, but one victim in the scheme of the conquest, perhaps the erstwhile slave girl had some compunction for having brought him to his fallen state. Rather was she racked with anxiety over the terrible straits that the Spaniards found themselves in—penned, starving, in the hostile city.

The Spaniards decided to try to escape from the metropolis at night, so accordingly made preparations for the flight. The soldiers were turned loose in the roomful of bar gold and other treasure, mostly gifts from the dead king.

"Every man take what he wants," advised the sagacious commander, "but remember, gold is heavy, and he who would win out must travel light."

The older warriors heeded the counsel, but many owed their death in the mire of the "Sad Night" to their insatiate greed.

Sandoval commanded the van-

guard in which were the workmen who carried the bridge, built to cover the chasms in the causeway, and the cavalry. Cortez, himself, took charge of the middle division in which was his beloved Marina, the prisoners—including the children of Montezuma—the baggage, and the artillery. How well he guarded her may be judged from the fact that, though Montezuma's daughters were killed, and Cortez's most valiant soldiers went down, or were hauled off screeching



HUITZILOPOCHTLI, AZTEC GOD OF WAR.

to deck the altars of the blood-thirsty Huitzel, the Aztec god of war, Marina escaped unharmed. The mighty Tlascalans who bore the precious burden on a litter, had been coached by the grim Spaniard to give it up only with their lives, and though enveloped in

horrors they were not found wanting.

Marina peeped out from her litter, as the adventurers left the sleeping city in the still mid-night, and filed out upon the causeway that crossed the lakes. Suddenly, a woman's scream was answered by a conch shell, whereupon began the beating of the alarm drum on the summit of the great temple, and the barbarians were upon them.

She felt the palanquin rock as the slaves strained their mighty muscles to a run across the bridge. Suddenly they stopped and Marina looked out upon a sea of waving limbs. Indians in myriads of canoes bore off writhing victims, the Spanish battle axes hacked unceasingly, and horses, with the smell of battle in their nostrils, careened wildly, with naked Indian bodies coiled around their limbs.

"What causes the delay," Marina asked with sickening heart of Cortez, who rode by her side. He wheeled his horse when the cry arose, "The bridge! The bridge! It is wedged and we cannot move it!" With a muttered com-

mand, Cortez spurred his horse and rode back.

The slaves plunged on through the tropical rain that was deluging them. Once they fell down and Marina had a fearful view of a mailed figure that rolled down the steep embankment, and splashed into the lake. The next thing she knew, she was crawling out of the wreckage of her litter, after falling a great distance. They had reached the second canal, which, like Napoleon's sunken road at Waterloo, was filled up with slain, that the living might pass over. Marina's trusted servants extricated her and strove manfully to pull her up the other side of the embankment. The surface was slippery and each time she slid back. Weak and exhausted, she was about to give up, when strong arms caught her up, and she felt herself swung on to a white horse that panted under her. She encircled the rider with her arms, and cried hysterically from pure relief. But Cortez had no sooner passed the quicksand of the third canal and placed his Indian love down safely on



GARDEN NEAR THE WINTER PALACE OF CORTEZ.

the farther shore, than he wheeled and rode back. He found Alvarado almost the sole survivor of the rear guard. He had escaped his assailants by planting his long spear and leaping the great chasm.

We next see Marina standing by her prince, Guatomoc, who is brought in irons before the Spanish commander. Cortez had pulled the city down about his ears only to find the great wealth gone. Guatomoc had said doggedly: "Ye destroyed my empire and



TREE OF THE SAD NIGHT,

Under which Cortez sat and wept after he was driven from the city.

starved my people, but ye shall not have the gold for which ye did it."

He knew where the treasure was hidden and it was Marina's task to wrest from him the secret. She intreated, implored, offered him life and liberty, but he only eyed her in a sullen silence. She was a woman, and a

woman might betray her people for love, but he would keep his secret and his gold, for it was the only revenge left him.

But when Cortez ordered him to the torture, she recoiled. Wildly she screamed. Guatomoc, the emperor! with burning irons at his feet, that the words might escape his agonized lips!

She lay outside the door with her head in her arms, and moaned. When the odor of burning flesh came to her nostrils, the fierce Indian rose in her. She knew that Guatomoc would not tell, and she gloried in the fact. But afterwards she excused her love even this, for she reasoned that it was not Cortez, the man, who spoke, but the general, forced into it by his companions. She was to be spared the execution of Guatomoc, for after a brief honey-moon down in dreamy Cuernavaca, the land of Lotus Easter, when Cortez marched on Honduras he left Marina at her birthplace, because of the terror of the jungle that had to be literally hewn ahead of them.

Marina felt instinctively that it was farewell forever. The need of her active help was over, and it was not likely that the great Conquistador of the new world would remain with an Indian woman when he might marry a Dutchess or a Princess of the royal blood.

She stood up and faced him proudly, "You will never prosper after you leave me," she prophesied, nor did he. It is possible in the restless days that followed with his white-skinned titled dame that he longed for his dark-eyed beauty of the conquest.

If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent.—Samuel Smiles.

From a Far Country.

THE STORY OF A PRIMA DONNA'S BIRTHDAY.

By Ina Brevoort Roberts.

The old couple were very lonely that winter afternoon, though each tried to hide the knowledge of it from the other. It was their daughter's birthday, their only child, who had left them to go to the big, glittering world on the other side of the water. There she had won fame with her voice, while they had stayed behind in the little village, shut in on every side by towering hills, and tried to be cheerful without her.

Usually they succeeded fairly well, at least outwardly, but this day, of all others in the year, was the hardest to get through with. Even Christmas was not so dreary as this birthday, which brought so keenly to their minds memories of other birthdays—the first one, when the baby's coming found them awestruck with joy and wonder of it all, and the succeeding years as their treasure grew from babyhood to girlhood, and from a lovable girl into a lovely, graceful woman, when she had vanished from their sight.

They had not seen her since, for money had been scarce, and her time valuable. She must work very hard, she wrote them; life seemed far too short for what she hoped to accomplish.

The old couple made a pretense at keeping up a conversation as they sat in the big kitchen that afternoon. The weather furnished an easy and, in their narrow lives, an important topic.

The sky outside the windows, with their small, square panes, looked gray and lowering. The first snowstorm of the season was impending and it promised to be heavy.

Presently, after a long silence, during which each had fallen into a reverie of memories, the old man rose stiffly.

"Guess I'll git my chores done afore

it storms, mother," he said. "It's coming on to snow fast."

"All right, father," his wife replied; "I'll have supper ready for you when you come in."

She rose as she spoke and tied on a gingham apron, which she took from its nail behind a door. There was a shawl there, too, on another nail, and a thick hood.

"You needn't hurry supper," the man said, as he reached the door. "I thought I'd go to the post-office after I git the critters fed. There might be a letter from Milly."

"All right, father, mebbe there will." There was a new note in the woman's voice, for this was just what she had been wishing her husband would do; but she had not liked to ask him to make the extra trip to the post-office with the weather so threatening.

The old man went out and the woman busied herself in the kitchen, leisurely preparing supper. After a little while the man came back with an armful of wood, which he deposited in a box by the side of the cooking stove. When he had made trips enough to fill the box, he buttoned up his coat more tightly, tied a woolen comforter around his neck, and drew on a pair of comfortable-looking mittens.

"You kin put your potatoes on to fry now, mother," he said jocosely; "I'll be back afore they're done."

He went out, banging the door, and the stillness in the low-ceiled room was broken only by the woman's footsteps and the sputter of food cooking on the stove.

An appetizing odor soon filled the air, and after a few moments the woman set the pans back upon the stove, and the sputtering subsided. Then the wind could be heard, rising from a

moan to a whistling roar and dying away into silence again.

Twilight had come and the woman lighted an old-fashioned glass lamp, so clean that it sparkled, and began to set the table in the centre of the room, at the same time humming the refrain of a lullaby—a little song she had often crooned when her arms had not been empty. And as she sang she sighed.

Presently the door leading to the yard flew open, letting in great gusts of wintry air that very nearly extinguished the light.

"Hurry and get that door shut, pa," the woman said. "Wa'n't there no letter?" Her back was toward her husband as she spoke.

"No," the man answered, "but there's this," and then she turned and saw that he was carrying a wooden box almost too large for him to manage.

"When I went into the office and found there wa'n't no letter I felt consid'able disappointed," he said, as he set the box on the floor before the fire and began to pull off his mittens, "but when I was comin' by Jones' store, Jones come to the door and says: 'Say, Si, there's a box here fur you.' 'Fur me?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'it come this afternoon by express, and I guess by the looks of it, it's from your daughter in furrin parts.' So here 'tis," concluded Silas, "and now where's the hatchet, mother?"

"Mother" brought the hatchet, and stood by in silence, while the box was being opened. This was a somewhat slow process, for the old man stooped with difficulty.

"My, what a funny thing," he said, when he had lifted the boards from the top of the box, and taken out a quantity of excelsior; "looks like a small-sized sewin'-machine. And here's a brass horn, too. Now I wonder if Milly sent that fur a joke, or what?"

Silas set the curved case of polished wood on the table, and soon had the

cover off. The old couple gazed in puzzled astonishment at what they saw under it.

"It does look like some kind of a machine," remarked the woman.

Her husband did not answer. He was examining the strange contrivance with interest. He did not know what it was, but he possessed a proverbial curiosity of man regarding anything mechanical.

"There's somethin' else in the box," he said at last, finding himself unable to solve the problem without assistance. "Mebbe I'll find some directions."

Going over to the box he lifted out a smaller box, inside of which were a number of what looked like rolls of cotton, and, as he prophesied, a paper of instructions.

"It's a p-h-o-n-o-g-r-a-p-h," he read, spelling out the word, "and them things in that box air records." He gave the accent to the last syllable.

"Well, I know 'bout as much as I did afore," Silas went on, looking from the paper in his hand to the phonograph on the table, "but it tells here just what to do with it, so I'll follow the rules and see what happens. I wisht I knew what 'twas fur, though. It ain't no kind of a farm implement, that's certain, and it ain't a sewin'-machine, nor a potato parer."

As he talked the old man continued his investigation of the mystery.

"Well, it must be good fur somethin' or Milly wouldn't have sent it," answered his wife.

He made no reply, so she did not speak again, but watched him in silence.

"I can't think o' nothin' it's likely to be except an ear trumpet, and it's too big fur that," he said at last. "But I see how to set the thing going, so we can soon find out what 'tis. You see, this round thing goes on here—I found a paper stuck in it that says, 'To be used first.' Then you wind up this contrivance that looks like a clock

key"—the old man illustrated his words as he talked—"then you put this little round tin thing here, and stick the brass horn on here. Now we're all ready to start her, and find out what she kin do."

The faces of the old couple were full of interest as Silas touched the spring that set the phonograph in motion. They heard a peculiar buzzing, but nothing wonderful happened, and a look of disappointment was settling on both countenances, when out of the buzzing came the sound of a voice singing.

Surprise, amazement, wonder, succeeded each other in the two wrinkled faces as the first notes of "Home, Sweet Home" fell on their startled ears.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam."

They listened breathlessly. Suddenly the woman put out a trembling hand and touched her husband's arm. "Silas," she whispered, "that's Milly singin'."

"No, 'tain't," began Silas, but the denial died on his lips as he too recognized the familiar tones which the quick ears of the mother had detected first.

They did not speak again, but stood with clasped hands, their eager hearts drinking in the wealth of song that filled the bare old kitchen, while the snow fell silently outside.

"A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,"

Clear and sweet the notes fell, like pearls in their rounded purity.

"Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

The words of this line came with ringing force, as though the singer felt their truth, and so sang, not to the multitudes that thronged each night to listen, but to the two faithful hearts over the sea, whose lives were lonely because they could not hear her voice.

As the father and mother listened it seemed as if Milly, far away in Paris, stretched out her hands to them across the waters. The way she sang the old familiar tune, so simple, and so grand, told them she had not forgotten them; that in the midst of the triumphs of success she longed sometimes to be with them again.

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain."

The mother's tears were falling fast, and her husband took her in his arms and soothed her, softly, so that he should not drown the music.

"Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

The man's eyes were wet, too, but the tears the father and the mother shed were not the tears of sorrow, for the sting had gone out of their loneliness, and as the music ceased, peace came with the silence that lay like a mantle over the little country home, and the world outside growing whiter every moment.

A MORNING PRAYER.

THE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY - - AUGUST, 1910

The Healing Power.

When the Lord established His Church in this dispensation, He brought again into its life those principles and ordinances which characterized it in the days of our Savior. The principles which the Prophet Joseph enunciated were in perfect harmony with the doctrines of the Bible, but they were out of harmony with the practices and teachings of the age. "They are no longer needed" was the universal objection to their restoration.

As time went on and the inadequacy of the teachings of the Christian world to meet the needs of the people became more and more apparent, men and women set out in search of something that would answer the needs of their spiritual existence. Some felt

that a new organization of some kind was necessary and established what they called the "Apostolic Church." Others found some spiritual satisfaction in reading the Book of Isaiah, and believed that they would find a panacea for their troubles in gathering. Such people under the name of "Templars" set out for the Holy Land in the belief that it was their duty to gather there.

The growing indifference on the part of so many men to church life led to a diminishing support of the church and its ministers. Millions were given to hospitals, to charitable institutions, and to colleges. The churches were not holding their own, and some, therefore, tried to revive the old Bible doctrine of tithing. Others felt the necessity of baptism by immersion; and in these times a healing power through spiritual and mental processes has been advocated by those who believe it possible to heal the sick in many cases without the use of medicine.

Those whose lives and experiences carry them over nearly the whole period of the existence of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will remember how the Saints have been ridiculed, how they have been accused of blasphemy, of turning back the wheels of progress and civilization to ancient times and dark ages by advocating those ordinances and principles of the Gospel to which we have just alluded. It may seem to some quite remarkable that people of the world should advocate those principles of the Gospel for which the Saints have been so ruthlessly abused in this age of the world. There can be little doubt that as time goes on there will arise those who will advocate every principle taught by the Latter-day Saints, and that, too, without divine authority.

Just at present there are thousands

in the world who are very much excited over the healing power exercised by certain individuals and by certain societies. There are the "Christian Scientists" so-called, whose chief reasons for their professions lie in the healing power which they believe they have discovered. Later on there sprang up in certain churches what has been called the "Emmanuel Movement." While the "Christian Scientists" have claimed that the healing power belonged to the realm of faith or will power, the Emmanuelists have associated the healing power with certain other mental operations. Rev. Mr. McComb in setting forth the practices of the "Emmanuelists" wrote: "The Christian Scientists say of an act of healing, 'God does it.' The confessed or unconfessed materialist says, 'The forces of nature do it.' It would seem to me more philosophical to say, God does it in and through the forces of nature." Speaking for his "Emmanuelists" he further said: "We deal with no ailing person until his case has been diagnosed and passed upon by a good medical authority."

Besides these teachers there are those who style themselves Psychotherapists who work something after the manner of mesmerism or hypnotism, although they disclaim any of the practices which belong to either of these classes. This so-called psychotherapy disclaims the necessity of religious belief in the exercise of the healing power which they advocate.

It will be noticed that these various imitations of the fundamental teachings of the Gospel of Christ have been carried forward on waves of excitement and that when the excitement under which they were borne has died away, they have ceased to have any important or enthusiastic following. Just at this time the advocates of the healing power are borne upon a wave of excitement that is attracting the attention of a considerable number of people who confound the healing power with the saving power which the

Gospel of Christ offers to the human family.

Some of the Latter-day Saints have wondered why the healing power can be exercised or miracles performed outside of the authority which God has given to the elders to administer in the ordinances of the Gospel. The Bible affords numerous illustrations of the exercise of such powers at times when men sought to frustrate the purposes of God by imitating those powers which the Lord ordained as helps to the faith of His Saints. These peculiar manifestations of religious excitement are not lasting, and they are not helpful in promoting faith in the principles of the Gospel and the special purposes of the Almighty.

Many people and some of the Saints are so peculiarly constituted that fantastic practices have a wonderful charm for them; they are abnormal in their mental and spiritual lives and are therefore easily persuaded by those novelties which excite their wonderment or curiosity. There is plenty of room in the Church for the exercise of the faith of men and women in the healing power of the gospel. It is not the purpose, however, of the Almighty, in those plans which He has revealed for the exaltation of man, to place the physical ahead of or above the spiritual well-being of His children. From the beginning of the world we have been destined to a life of care and suffering. There are no doubt many instances in which our pains result from our own wrongdoing, but the Lord never intended in mortal life to remove man from a world of sorrow and pain; He could not do so without suspending his free agency. Nevertheless, by strict obedience to the laws of the Gospel, human ailments may be greatly mitigated.

Any society or any person which teaches either the desirability or possibility of wholly removing sickness or sorrow from this world has no proper conception of our correct position in mortal life. Whatever does not

increase man's faith in God and make men more amenable to the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not of divine origin, and Latter-day Saints who are caught by those passions and exciting emotions which periodically pass over the land are not grounded on the rock of divine revelation. Many of these people who are exalting the healing power above all things else would, had they lived in His day, have pointed out to our Savior an easy and comfortable manner of escaping the great trials, sorrows, and sacrifices of His life which men do not seem to realize were all necessary for the redemption of man.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Keep These Twelve Things in Mind

The value of time. Lost capital may be restored by diligent use of experience; time lost is lost forever.

The success of perseverance. "Keeping everlastingly at it" brings the hoped-for result.

The pleasure of working. The only really unhappy, rich or poor, are the idle.

The dignity of simplicity. When the "frills" are off, the man is "on."

The worth of character. In the last analysis the only real value is a clear conscience.

The power of kindness. It wins when all coercive measures fail.

The influence of example. Practice does more than precepts, in showing the way.

The obligation of duty. Your concern should not so much be what you get, as what you do for what you get.

The wisdom of economy. The man who saves makes more than he saves.

The virtue of patience. "All things come to him who waits."

The improvement of talent. Talent is the only capital which compounds itself by exercise.

The joy of originating. The happiest man is he who does the best thing first. The creative instinct should be encouraged for the pure joy found in its demonstrations. The subsequent fi-

nancial reward brings no such pleasure as that first sense of having made a new thing or conceived a new idea.

More Preparation by Teachers.

Calvin Dill Wilson.

We were impressed at a teachers' meeting by the statement of one teacher that she found in her experience that her chief need in her Sunday School work was better preparation for her own comfort and satisfaction. She said she found that teaching with partial preparation was much harder work than when more attention was given at home to this duty. She thought the whole secret of enjoying the teaching was preparation, and the secret of finding it a burden and a task was the want of it.

Perhaps other teachers are wondering why their work drags, why they go to it without joy and go through with it without inspiration, when the secret of the difficulty is that little more than a hasty glance at the lesson has been given and there has been no vital attention given to it. The difficulty goes back into a law of our natures, that we do with pleasure only what we have learned to do well; the first steps, the learning, may be and generally are a task, but later comes the pleasure of action. So when the mind has grasped a truth and appropriated it, it finds pleasure in giving it out again to other minds. But the process of striving to tell others what is only imperfectly grasped by ourselves, causes halting and effort, and interferes with the flow of words. In short there can be no spirit in trying to teach what is not clear to us. The mind has to make too much effort.

Doubtless many a teacher by resolving and practicing better preparation can change a dull task into a pleasant duty. This does not necessarily involve a harder study, deeper work, so much as more thorough familiarity with the subject by many readings and more reflection and clearness as to the applications.

DEPARTMENT WORK

Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and
Stephen L. Richards.*

Concert Recitation for September.

In the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for July (p. 351), we recommended that the Beatitudes be used as the concert recitation for August, September and October.

It was suggested that a part be given each month, say verses 3 to 8 inclusive for August, 9 to 12 for September, and that during October the entire Beatitudes be reviewed in any manner suitable to local conditions. It is hoped these suggestions will be followed and that the schools will get the most good out of this beautiful and inspiring concert recitation.

The Beatitudes.

(Matthew 5:3-12.)

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit:
for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for
they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they
shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger
and thirst after righteousness:
for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for
they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart:
for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers:
for they shall be called the children
of God.

10 Blessed are they which are per-
secuted for righteousness' sake: for
their's is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall
revile you, and persecute you, and
shall say all manner of evil against
you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad:
for great is your reward in heaven:
for so persecuted they the prophets
which were before you.

Sacrament Gem for September.

(Deseret Sunday School Songs, No. 281.)

Again we meet around the board
Of Jesus, our Redeeming Lord;
With faith in His atoning blood,
Our only access unto God.

Wasted Energy.

The volume of water that enters the pipe line at the power dam is of very little value until it strikes with full force the specially installed machinery at the power house. There, if the volume has been properly husbanded, water power is changed to electricity, which is transmitted to houses and cities for light and heat, or to turn thousands of wheels for the comfort and convenience of the citizens. Between the power dam and the power house, very little of the water is permitted to run to waste. Every leak is repaired, every overflow stopped. All overflows are so much energy running to waste.

As with the water main, so with the Sunday School organization.

There is a mighty volume of energy pouring into the Sunday School cause every week. It is all directed towards the local school, where it is supposed to develop encouragement and spiritual light in the souls of little children. How much of this energy really reaches its destination? Between the General Board and the Stake

Boards, and the Local Boards and the child, how many "leaks?" How many "overflows?" How much "evaporation?"

This year, a great deal of means as well as a vast amount of intellectual and spiritual effort will have been expended in the holding of conventions. Some of these gatherings have been the best of the kind ever held. Some of the department meetings have fairly sparkled with brilliant thoughts and practical suggestions. We have listened; we have talked; now are we *putting into practice?* Is light—spiritual light—being generated in the class room, or have our resolves and good aspirations all "evaporated?"

At a recent convention, instructions were given regarding the "order of business" during the first fifty minutes of Sunday School exercises. The order of the sacrament gem, the sacrament thought, and the concert recitation was stated explicitly. Three weeks later a member of the General Board visited a school in one of the stakes included in that convention. He was

surprised to find that not one suggestion approved by the hundreds of Sunday School workers in convention assembled had been put into practice. He was still more surprised to discover that the superintendent had forgotten what the instructions were. Not one speck of energy had reached the school; all had "leaked out" or "evaporated."

We sing, "We are workers, earnest workers;" to be honest some of us should substitute "hearers" for workers" and sing "We are hearers, only hearers."

Conventions are held for a purpose. Stake Board meetings are held and subsequent visits made to various departments for a purpose. Local board meetings are held for a purpose. Let us think what these purposes are and seek to accomplish them by diligently and prayerfully doing what we hear we ought to do—by conserving all this mighty energy until it becomes effective upon the life of the child, transforming him from a child of the world to a child of God.

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.

WHAT SHALL WE DO IN SECRETARIES
AND TREASURERS' DEPARTMENT
AT UNION MEETING?

By Georgia Maughan.

Let us first see what the relationship is that exists between the secretaries and their work as regards those with whom they have to labor.

First, the secretary must be in harmony with the superintendency of the school in order to do the work required in an agreeable and profitable way; and unless the officers are in harmony throughout the school they cannot accomplish the results anticipated, for in unity there is strength.

Second, they must be in close touch with the stake secretary in order to

forward reports called for and keep the records in an up-to-date manner.

Third, the secretary should be punctual in attendance, if not going herself seeing to it that the assistant is notified. If the secretary is there, it is a pillar of strength, as it were, to the officers, teachers and members, as well as the superintendency.

At union meeting the work should be given in detail so that every secretary will know just how to fill each space and what the blanks require. A complete explanation of the minute book, roll books, reports, etc. should be made, how to get the percentage items called for; in fact, the details in full should be gone over until it is thoroughly understood by all.

In this class as well as the depart-

ment work each secretary should, if time will permit, give his own methods. A good discussion will help those who are timid, bringing out points otherwise not thought of.

The stake workers can bring the conditions found in visiting the different schools before the class and get their ideas with regard to adopting any new methods which would prove beneficial to the work or correct any error that may be found.

Any question of the department work should be explained in detail. At the same time the question arises, "How are you going to interest those who understand the work." It is monotonous for those who are prepared to do what is required of them, to cover the same ground each meeting day.

Would it not be well to introduce something to interest all and make personal visits to those who do not fully understand their calling? A paper could be given by one of the local secretaries on some phase of the secretary's work, then freely discussed.

In this way the secretaries will get better acquainted with each other and with the work as conducted in other schools, with a view to getting the best ideas from each school represented, and putting those views in use in their own wards.

The aim of the union meeting should be to improve not only the temporal needs of the secretaries but the spiritual, as well, instilling in the hearts of those called to this work the importance of their calling and a love for the work. Did you ever stop to think, how necessary it is to be accurate in making a true, complete and concise record? We are told that God keeps a record of all our transactions and ev-

en our thoughts, and out of the books we shall be judged.

Secretaries, if you were to be judged out of some of the records kept as some of our secretaries keep them, do you think we would reach heaven on the resurrection morn? If we did, it would be by accident.

Suppose that in the day of judgment, your record book is produced and out of it the members of your Sunday School are to be judged. Is your record accurate? Can you meet your Sunday School and know that you have given each person credit for just what he or she has done? If so, you will have cause to feel proud. If you have not, what will your feelings be? This will apply to class teachers as well as secretaries.

There are some secretaries, who, from an educational standpoint, are equipped for successful work, but unless they labor with the spirit of their calling at heart, their work will as a general rule be a failure. On the other hand, one who is not so prepared from a standpoint of learning may live in such a way that the Spirit of God will ever be present in her heart and we all know that is the very best teacher for any subject.

How many of the secretaries, in fact the officers as a whole, ever think what an effect proper personal behavior will have on the students. We know the officers are considered perfect by the class members, especially in the smaller classes. Personal behavior is considered an art finer than painting, sculpture or music. Are we conducting our lives in such a way that we are entitled to the companionship of the Holy Ghost? If so, we may feel sure our behavior will receive no criticism and our work will be successful.

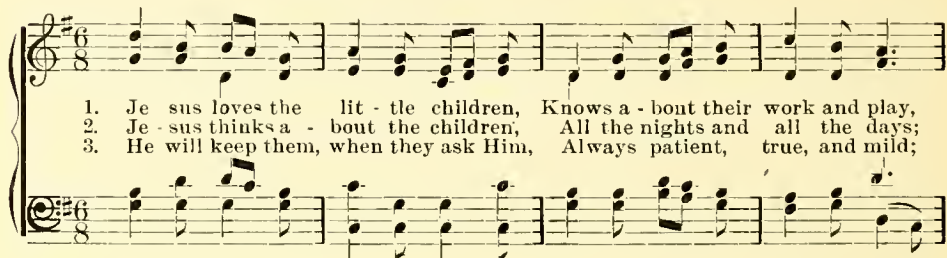
Choristers and Organists' Department.

Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhie.

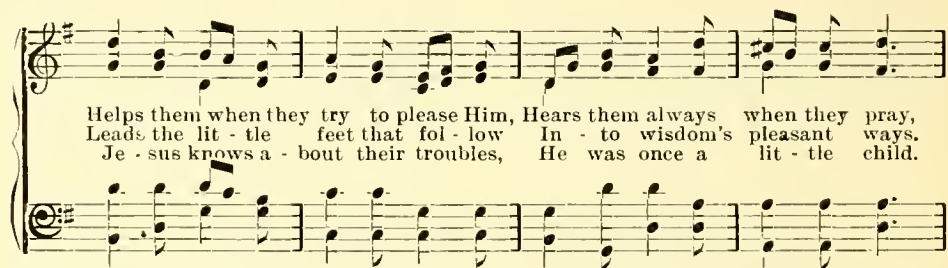
Our space this month is given up to the following very pretty little song which will be found appropriate for the Primary Department, or for a children's home song.

If choristers desire they can get single sheets in any number at one cent per copy, by writing to the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store.

JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE CHILDREN.




1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle children, Knows a - bout their work and play,
2. Je - sus thinks a - bout the children, All the nights and all the days;
3. He will keep them, when they ask Him, Always patient, true, and mild;



Helps them when they try to please Him, Hears them always when they pray,
Leads the lit - tle feet that fol - low In - to wisdom's pleasant ways.
Je - sus knows a - bout their troubles, He was once a lit - tle child.



Happy, happy lit - tle children, Je - sus hears them when they pray!
Happy, happy lit - tle children, Led in wisdom's pleasant ways!
Blessed, happy lit - tle children, He was once a lit - tle child!



Happy, happy lit - tle children, Je - sus hears them when they pray!
Happy, happy lit - tle children, Led in wisdom's pleasant ways!
Blessed, happy lit - tle children, He was once a lit - tle child!

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

THE PRIME OBJECT OF THE PARENTS' CLASS MOVEMENT is to arouse an interest in the parents **TO DO THINGS**, in their various communities, rectifying existing errors and making necessary reforms; and while it is not necessary to seek to institute every reform suggested in the various lessons, in each community or ward, the wisest course to pursue is to select those best adapted to your local needs; elect or appoint a suitable committee, comprised of those parents converted to the move, and go to work with a full determination to convert the bishopric, town council or citizens and accomplish the object in view.—Charles Wolfenden, Beaver Stake.

TOPICS WHICH CONCERN THE PARTICULAR LOCALITY in which we live should be especially emphasized in Parents' Classes. We should teach our parents that the place to begin a reform is in the home. An impression must be made there first. The best method of doing things should be discussed in the class. Our knowledge does us good only when we make a proper use of it. Knowing how to overcome an obstacle will not overcome it. The principles that are learned in the class should be experimented with. If they fit our particular case, they should be put into practice. It is results we are after; and upon the execution of the practical theories presented before the class depends the power for good of such class in the community.—J. A. Ward, Box Elder Stake.

THE SOCIAL PHASE of the Parents' Class work is receiving altogether too little attention, especially outside of the cities, and as a result of this there are many improper conditions. We frequently find young people ill at ease when they chance to be in a public gathering. This is especially true of the boys who, to avoid this, move in groups by themselves and through such exclusion acquire awkward traits, which in many cases continue throughout life. These conditions exist in practically all of our country communities. We must not blame the young people. The absence of proper social development is the cause. Since we have social instincts, we love pleasures, and social opportunities must be offered before a social life will spring up. Parents should create the best social opportunities of which the community is capable, and then control such opportunities by an organized effort toward improving the social life.—W. R. Skeen, Davis Stake.

Dr. Maeser used to teach his normal students that if less than ninety per cent of the students in a class succeeded in passing the final examinations, there was **SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE TEACHER**. Applying this same doctrine to Parents' Class work, he would perhaps say, "If the attendance at the Parents' Class is small, if an interest in the work is lacking, if there is a partial

failure to bring about practical results, then there is something wrong with the teacher." Such a doctrine, in my judgment, is a correct and proper one.—R. R. Lyman, Ensign Stake.

I believe that there is a **LACK OF CONCERTED EFFORT** on the part of many parents and supervisors of Parents' Classes. They have not always worked as one united body; and above all we fail in our application of the lessons discussed. We do not give to Parents' Class work the attention to which it is entitled. Lack of thought, lack of application, and lack of persistence are the main reasons for any partial failures.—Joseph F. Hansen, Box Elder Stake.

It is not infrequently the case that **PARENTS WHO TRY TO DO THE MOST FOR THEIR CHILDREN**, and who are well able to help them in a financial way, do the least for them. The children get the idea that not only does the world owe them a living, but that it owes them all the unearned pleasure their fertile fancy can picture. They, like all children, have a surplus of energy to be worked off, and if it be not done in profitable recreations, educative effort or valuable labor, it will be used in chasing the phantom, which disappears as "the snow fall in the river." They will become like the "lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin," and while they may be arrayed as Solomon in all his glory, as far as wearing apparel is concerned, their characters may be faded and threadbare.—Enoch Jorgensen, Jordan Stake.

It is difficult indeed and **PRACTICALLY INEFFECTIVE FOR ANY ONE PARENT TO INSIST** upon respect for home relations and conduct, if the neighboring children are not subject to the same control. Insistence upon observance of regular hours, attendance at religious meetings, and remaining away from improper places of amusements, simply become burdens of injustice and inequality to the mind of the child, if such conduct is not also insisted upon by the parents of its companions. Every child is influenced to some degree by the surrounding environments; consequently, united and harmonious action upon the part of the entire community is the only way to correct existing evils, or to reform undesirable conditions.—Brigham E. Jones, Malad Stake.

An effort has been made by the Parents' Classes of the Ensign Stake, to have those who sell **BREAD, CAKE, AND OTHER FOODS**, keep them **WRAPPED WITH PAPER** or otherwise protected from dust, with its disease germs; and from the contaminated feet and body of that generally unsuspected, but terrible spreader of disease—the housefly. We have appointed a committee from the Parents' Classes of the Ensign Stake that is working earnestly to accomplish this very important and greatly desired result.—R. R. Lyman, Ensign Stake.

The Parents' Class of Minersville Ward, noting the bad condition

of the walks around their public square, appointed a **GRAVEL DAY** and made them good. The merry-go-round, operating on the Sabbath, was solicited by a committee from the Parents' Class to **CEASE OPERATIONS ON THE LORD'S DAY**, and the owners were prevailed upon to comply.

The lack of a good **AMUSEMENT HALL** was noted, and the Parents' Class, acting in conjunction with the bishopric, now have under way the construction of a very desirable and commodious amusement hall, located on the public square.

The Parents' Class of Greenville ward has instituted a **GRAVEL DAY** twice a year, to repair and put in good condition their sidewalks. They have also effected an excellent reform in their dances and social parties, opening with prayer at 8 to 8:30 and closing with prayer at 12 o'clock.—Parents' Class Work in Beaver Stake.

"Whereas the social condition existing in our community, in respect to our **YOUNG CHILDREN BEING ON THE STREETS AT NIGHT**, is such that we deem the situation alarming, and we, the members of the Parents' Class of the Beaver West Ward, desiring the welfare of our children, deem it proper to draft the following resolutions, and invite the Parents' Class of the Beaver East Ward, also the Relief Society and all other organizations of both wards to assist us in bringing about a better condition of affairs;

"Therefore, be it resolved, That we refrain from holding social parties for our little ones at night, thereby preventing them from being out at night without proper guardians to look after them.

"Be it resolved, That should public entertainments be given at night and it is necessary or wise that our children should attend said gatherings, that we will accompany or send a responsible party with out little ones.

"Be it further resolved, That whenever our little socials are given, that they will be during the day and not at night."

"Be it further resolved, That we will use all due diligence to keep our children off the streets at night, by furnishing such amusements, recreations and such other means at home, as is necessary to accomplish the desired results."—Resolution of Beaver West Ward.

During the recent serious epidemic of typhoid fever in Salt Lake City we secured for the Parents' Classes of the Ensign Stake, not only the best medical talent in the Church, but the best medical talent out of it also, in our effort to **TEACH THE PEOPLE WHERE THE DISEASE COMES FROM**, how it is usually carried from one person to another, and how the spread of the disease can easily and with certainty be prevented.

We have also had topics relating to the **GENERAL HEALTH** discussed by those among us who are best qualified to teach these subjects. We have taken up, for example, such subjects as food, cooking, bathing, the care of the teeth and the necessity for an abundant supply of fresh air, etc.—R. R. Lyman, Ensign Stake.

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

Church Membership and Meeting Going.

Recently the writer listened to a very earnestly expressed wish, as it came from the lips of a certain Bishop in the Church, in about the following language:

"I do most fervently wish that every man and woman, boy and girl, in all the world, was a member of some church and a regular attendant at Church meetings, on the Sabbath day." There was a preference expressed as to what Church, but still he urged that all should be, in his opinion, identified with some church, and attend its Sabbath meetings.

The natural question arises, Why should there be such a desire? The answer comes naturally and forcefully. The supreme effort of church work and service is in teaching the individual how to live rightly. All its great influence tends toward placing the balance of power, with each individual, on the side of righteousness.

All people recognize the wonderful power, for righteousness, there is in the remembrance of the teachings of a loving mother, and many powerful testimonies are of record as to the deterrent effect of mother's teachings on one whose temptations have been almost more than he could bear.

Deterrent effect is, however, a negative result, and represents only a small part of the influence of love and the teaching of righteousness.

Positive in their results, these great forces reach into the smallest details of the lives of those who receive them, and inspire good deeds and produce nobility of character. Expressed in the language of Paul to the Galatians, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." What a wonderful influence the Spirit of God has

upon the actions of all who have His guidance!

The Church, therefore, is the great safeguard of the individual, the family, the state, the nation, and, in fact, the whole world.

The Sunday School Theological class, being a part of the great Church organization, and having the opportunity to deal with young men and women at a time in life when the allurements of worldly pleasure have the strongest effect upon them, should be made a most wonderfully powerful and effective instrument in holding them in the Church. The teachers of this class should be Latter-day Saints to the very marrow in their bones, full of zeal and energy, willing to use all the power they can command, in a constant effort to hold these young people.

How earnestly we all labor to relieve a friend whose bodily health fails him! How we sorrow for any one of our number who is called to pass to the great beyond! How we all rejoice when one of our loved ones recovers from sickness!

How much greater should be our anxiety, our desire and our labor, for those who are spiritually sick! And how we should rejoice when one who has been thus afflicted is restored to spiritual health and vigor!

Let us now recount for ourselves the great results that have come to us by reason of our faithful allegiance to the Church and our attendance at Sabbath meetings. Let us thank our heavenly Father for His goodness and mercy toward us and remembering the words of Jesus, "Freely ye have received, freely give," go out into the highways and byways and bring in the spiritually lame, blind, halt and infirm, and seat them at the table of the Lord and feed them on the glad tidings of great joy—the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the greatest uplifting force in all the world.—G. H. W.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Second Year Lessons for August.

The three lessons presented in this department for the month of August are simple and interesting. Teachers will have no difficulty in presenting them with good results. Some may find the lessons rather long. In that case, the most interesting topics or those necessary for the continuity of the historical outline should be chosen for consideration. It is better to be thorough in a few topics than superficial in many.

In these as in other Book of Mormon lessons the "Story of the Book of Mormon" and the Dictionary of the Book of Mormon are valuable references.

Fourth Year Bible Lesson 58.

This lesson will prove too long in the hands of most teachers. It may be well for those who find it so to cut out the first topic. That seems least necessary historically and is the most mystical.

For the sake of clearness and thoroughness most teachers might do well to treat the lesson under the topics, The prophet's Call and Responsibility (Ezek. 3:17-21), and The Judgment of Jerusalem. (Ezek. 5:6.) This will give time to read and discuss the most important texts with the pupils, thus encouraging them to carry and use their Bibles and treating the lesson properly. These topics also lead up to the suggested aim.

Ezekiel wrote these prophecies between B. C. 592 and B. C. 570. He was a captive in Babylon at the time, having been carried there in the reign of Jehoiachin in the third deportation of Jewish leaders. False prophets had been flattering the Jews that they were not guilty, that Jerusalem would not be destroyed and that the captive Jews would not be long in

bondage. It was this that called out the sternness of Ezekiel that is seen in the first thirty or thirty-five chapters of his book, in which he foretells the awful judgments about to be meted out to his people for their idolatry.

The first eight years of the prophetic career of Ezekiel cover the last eight years of the career of Jeremiah. The latter labored as zealously in Jerusalem as Ezekiel did among the Jewish captives in Babylonia, but all to no immediate avail. The impending doom of Jerusalem was coming. Repentance was too late.

Lesson 59.

This lesson, also, seems to be too long. Teachers who find it so can cut out topics I and V without injuring its unity. "The Promises of Israel's Restoration" (Ezek. 34:11-31), "The Vision of Dry Bones Revived" (Ezek. 37), and "Judah and Ephraim to Become One" (Ezek. 37) will constitute a very interesting lesson. It might be well to change the aim also and show that God's purpose in destroying Jerusalem and scattering the Jews was to clean out idolatry and sin from the land of Israel (Ezek. 36:25), and to restore, by introducing the principle of selection, such only as had patriotism for the Jewish law and institutions, and an abhorrence of idolatry. Such was the actual result: idolatry was rooted out, and the returned Jews showed reverence for the Mosaic law and institutions.

By reading the full context it will easily be seen that the revival of the dry bones symbolized the bringing together and reinstating Judah and Israel. This from the context is also the symbolic meaning in a general way of the "two sticks."

The place of Ezekiel's work is still Babylonia and the time seems to be shortly after the awful destruction of

Zedekiah's day in B. C. 588. (Jeremiah 39:4-10.)

Lesson 60.

Jerusalem was not destroyed suddenly as is often supposed. There were, on the other hand, repeated sieges, sackings of sacred treasures, and deportations of leading Jews who might be expected to rise in rebellion. This began in the reign of Jehoiakim, shortly before B. C. 600. It continued in the reign of his son Jehoiachin, (II Kings 24:1-16). In the reign of Zedekiah, Jerusalem was besieged, and afflicted with famine and

pestilence as a consequence. Terrible carnage and slaughter followed. The wall was broken down (probably only in places), the temple and the palaces and better houses were burned and their valuables again carried away. (II Chron. 36:11-21 and II Kings 25:1-18.) Gedaliah, the so-called last king, was made governor of a miserable remnant of poor Jews left in the land (II Kings 25:12). But he was killed (II Kings 25:25) and the miserable survivors scattered into Egypt.

Jerusalem was thus gradually destroyed and cleansed for the return of the better class of Jews after the seventy years captivity.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

How to Obtain Attendance and Punctuality.

By Annie Spori.

My purpose is not to convince you that the boys and girls of our Church should go to Sunday School. You believe that. Neither is it my purpose to argue that attendance should be regular or punctual. You know that. It is because we realize the value of those facts in every day life that a consideration of ways to secure them has been placed before us at this convention.

When you see a good thing, you want it. To want a thing is to get it if energy and enthusiasm season the effort. To come, come always, and on time, is a good thing for the Sunday School cause. Not only do we know it is a good thing but we want our pupils to know it, that all together we may work to get an improvement over present conditions. Therefore, it is the business of this department for a few moments to discuss means by which we can help our pupils convince themselves that regularity and punctuality are essentials to success in anything—

and determine to put the principle into actual practice.

I have said we wanted to "help" the pupils. This would indicate that we have work to do, perhaps additional duties to those we are performing now. Before suggesting any extra work we must be in the spirit that is willing to take upon itself these duties in order that our hearts may be in the work. Let no Sunday School teacher shrink from additional duties, for every chance of that kind is a new opportunity for you. No teacher ever did so much for pupils that he did not receive more development from the effort himself. It is an eternal law that it is more blessed to give than to receive. You will always get more than you give. As has often been said the Sunday School teacher's work is a labor of love. To love means to serve. Hence, our position requires the expenditure of all the energy and faith that our love for the work can call forth. Any improvement in habits or living that we can make in our pupils is in strict accordance with Sunday School work. Incentives to right living are principles of the Gospel, and moral habits are laws of God.

Should any Sunday School teacher consider such a field outside of religion?

By making sympathy and justice (the basis of the teacher's relationship to the class), plain to the students, they will instinctively place their relationships on the same principles. Their attitude to teachers and class will be just because they are in sympathy with them. Thus you can resolve our question to a moral and business proposition. Not blind obedience, nor forced, neither for the sake of false incentives, but because our boys and girls appreciate their duties to each other, themselves and God, do we want them to be punctual and regular in attendance.

The word "how" in the subject implies directly that practical suggestions be made definite specific methods for promoting regularity and punctuality in the First Intermediate department of our Sunday Schools.

The following devices and suggestions are given with the hope that some positive help might be derived from some of them and with the hearty invitation to you to discuss thoroughly their merits and practicability.

1. The great incentive in any thing is interest. You will all grant that unless you make the exercises interesting or entertaining for the boys and girls, they will not care about coming. Therefore, first and foremost of all I want to plead that the teachers in this department make their preparation more thorough, their recitations more lively, their relations more social and thus make their work more interesting. This is not fault-finding. I realize that you have worked hard, but no teacher or his methods are perfect. We can all improve. And now is a good time to "tighten the saddle-girths" for we have a means for testing our success. The test will be the effect upon the attendance. Surely you will be pleased by the test—it has never failed.

There are some, however, whose attendance is so miserable that interest

cannot take hold of them. For these, devices must be used to bring them to Sunday School before they can be made interested in the department. For just this class of boys and girls I make these suggestions.

(1). Show them that you come regularly and on time because you like the work. Example has always been a powerful incentive. And here it will not fall short. A Sunday School teacher, whose class misses his presence Sunday after Sunday and sees him saunter in at 10:02 or 10:10, when he does come, can not successfully tell them to do differently. The old adage "Preachers may preach but never teach unless they practice what they preach" is as true now as when it was first written. Such a man is a minister without his mantle. The Great Teacher said, "Come, follow me."

(2). After your example is all you can make it, co-operate with the parents. Now that we have parents' classes you have a splendid opportunity for co-operation. Parents often fail to get their children ready on time and thus they and not the children are to blame. Where the parents' class is a success the other departments are very much improved because they bring the children with them. One superintendent has said his school was seventy-five per cent better in punctuality, regularity and order since the establishment of the Parents' Class. Now teachers, if we help to build the Parents' Class and then co-operate with those members who have children in the First Intermediate department you can very materially get better attendance and greater percentage of pupils on time.

(3). There is another way to reach some boys and girls and that is by pride, either as classes or as individuals. Class pride is more desirable because the individual is lost sight of in the advancement of the group. The selfish feature of emulation or rivalry is thus minimized. In order to bring this in a concrete way before the children a roll of honor may be suggested.

One superintendent to encourage his officers and teachers, wrote on a black-board in the meeting house "100 per cent officers and teachers present, punctual and prepared" on a certain date. Why would it not encourage students to see the name of the First Intermediate class referred to in the same way?

(4). Some children are habitually tardy, not from intention nor necessity, but by simple, pure carelessness. For cases of this sort try letting one friend call for another. Some classmate will live by or pass near the home of the truant and by offering to walk to Sunday School with him, bring him there on time. The teacher himself might do this occasionally.

(5). The thought has been borne in upon me that every class in Sunday School must naturally be working for improvement in punctuality and attendance which thought has given me the idea for suggesting a systematic method by which the entire school could accomplish the same end. The general plan is taken from the system in use in some high schools in our country, and is known as the Attendance Committee.

The committee should consist of from three to five of the most energetic workers in the school—officers, teachers, and perhaps some members. Sub-committees could be appointed in each class, above the primary, having in their immediate charge the tardiness or absence of members of the class. Here is a splendid opportunity for appointing habitual offenders to look after the class in that respect. The teacher, of course, must not diminish his efforts in the least, even though the committee apparently is doing the work.

Each sub-committee or class should report weekly to the general attendance committee every absence or case of tardiness; which committee should promptly investigate the cause and try to remove the barrier before another Sunday. Sick members should be visited and indifferent ones encouraged

and labored with. No child should be allowed to remain out of class two Sundays without receiving a personal visit from classmates, teacher or member of committee. Never let one think he is forgotten or not looked after.

I do earnestly ask you to consider this suggestion and if you approve of it, place it before the officers of your school.

(6). As I said before, the above suggestive means are for bringing the pupils to school when they have not the desire or interest themselves to do so. But for the successful formation of good habits the child must have a deeper reason—a fundamental principle of right from which to reason out his actions. Here, then, comes the teacher's opportunity for showing the child the moral wrong of irregularity and tardiness.

a.—Because it is an injustice to his fellows. He disturbs the class when coming in late. He puts the class back when he stays away. He destroys the good record of the class in attendance and punctuality. He reflects unfavorably upon his parents who apparently cannot get him to Sunday School. Thus you see the harm is not alone in what he misses but what he takes from others.

b.—There is a business view to take of the situation. A boy always late to Sunday School will be late to day school, and thus the habit forms. A late boy makes a late man, and he in turn a late success. Lord Nelson, attributes his success to his always being ten minutes early. Roosevelt is never late. Napoleon lost Waterloo because of three minutes. Hundreds of examples can be brought before the children of the value of being on time. Stories can teach the lesson effectively.

Ask the boys and girls what the result is when father or brother are late to the store or factory. What happens to the clerk or teacher who should remain away from duty without any excuse or explanation?

Such questions may lead them to reason for themselves and see the prin-

principle of justice and right living involved in forming habits of regularity and punctuality.

The deep purpose of the Sunday School teacher is to lead the children to *live*—all that the word *live* implies. Then let us be untiring in example, device, energy, and enthusiasm in seeking to obtain regular and punctual attendance in the First Intermediate

class and in the Sunday School, both for the present benefits they get and for the greater habits of justice and usefulness they may form for life.

Your work is not complete until your pupils become the best of which God has made them the potential—you are never through. But His spirit and intelligence will guide you while you work in His glorious cause.

Primary and Kindergarten Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, Robert L. McGhie.

Kindergarten Work for September.

[Material for these lessons furnished by Sister Marion Belnap.]

Suggestions for the Nature Thought.—Preparation in our homes for the winter season. First, the fruits: kinds, colors, how they grow, methods used in gathering, packing, etc. Then the canning, preserving, drying and storing away of the fruits and vegetables for winter use. Second, the fall housecleaning, putting up the stoves, ordering coal, etc. Why? The child learns gradually to see God's power manifested in all things. He preserves the fruits and vegetables from the winds and the floods. He has given the trees and vines life, and taught man how to nourish it. He has given man a superior intelligence so that he is able to use what has been given him not only to sustain life but also that he may enjoy life. The song for this month suggests some of the many things which give us joy on a September morning.

Song for the Month—"Morning Awaketh," by Joseph Ballantyne.

SEPTEMBER—FIRST SUNDAY.

Children's Day.

Suggestions referring to this day will be found in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for June of this year, page

311. Instead of the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July being the topics for the conversation, let the teacher, by suggestion, obtain from the children their little experiences concerning blessings they have received through their own prayers and those of Elders. They could also tell of the application they have made of the truth taught during the month of August. Such experiences are the children's little testimonies.

SEPTEMBER—SECOND SUNDAY.

Subject—The Preservation of the Plates.

Text—"History of the Church," vol. I; pp. 18-19. "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 51-52. "A Brief History of the Church," (E. H. Anderson), pp. 24-25. "History of the Prophet Joseph Smith," (Lucy Smith), pp. 104, 108, 131.

Aim—The Lord thwarts the plans of the wicked to fulfill His purposes.

SUGGESTIONS.

"Joseph Smith was in person, tall and well built, strong and active." Has this any significance in this lesson? The children could possibly tell of some things he did by which he gained his muscular power.

That same night that Joseph received the plates he hid them in the woods temporarily. Later he re-

turned, and while carrying them under his coat, he was assaulted three times by unknown men. More than once mobs surrounded his house, men tried to catch him in the roads or in the fields, and he was even shot at a number of times. The plates were usually kept in a wooden chest made especially for them, but often they had to be taken out and hidden elsewhere. Once they were put under the floor of an old workshop, and on another occasion they were hidden in the hearth. Finally, in order to avoid further trouble, he decided to move to his wife's old home in Pennsylvania, but here another difficulty presented itself. He had no money. How did he obtain it? What happened on their way to Pennsylvania? Thus it was shown that if Joseph would do all he could for the protection of the plates, no power should be permitted to take them from him.

Oliver Cowdery, a young school teacher, and several of the Whitmer family aided the Prophet from time to time, by writing as he dictated to them. Finally the translation was completed, the plates returned to the Heavenly messenger, and the Book of Mormon printed.

Application—Now that we are shown God's power, what do you suppose the Father desires us to do?

Illustration—"Emma Erickson, the Home Missionary."

EMMA ERICKSON, THE HOME MISSIONARY.

Mr. and Mrs. John Erickson and their baby boy lived in a neat four-roomed brick cottage. Adjoining it was a large farm, the products of which enabled them to obtain a fair living. One day a letter came, saying that the father was called on a mission. Both were glad that he was called to preach about the only true Church, but they loved each other so much that it was hard for them to part. Mrs. Erickson said she would

pray always to God to watch over them both, and help her husband to preach the Gospel while he was on his mission.

After Mr. Erickson was gone, Emma, his wife, helped the neighbors to do their sewing, so she could obtain money with which to buy food and clothes. Mr. Blackburn had leased the farm, and paid her so much each month for its use. This money was sent to the father on his mission.

One morning in November Mr. Blackburn brought one hundred and twenty-five dollars to Mrs. Erickson. This amount she decided to send to her husband the next morning. So after the day's work was finished and the baby put to bed, she wrote a letter to her husband who was far over in England. All was quiet, and Emma did not know that two bad men were watching her. One of them had seen Mr. Blackburn take the money to her house, so he asked another wicked man to go with him to steal the money. Both of these men had good fathers and mothers and were once good boys, but now they had grown wicked. They crept up to the house where Mrs. Erickson was, just in time to hear her sing the second verse of one of our songs.

"Fear not, I am with you,
O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God
And will still give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee,
And cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous,
Omnipotent hand."

The hymn being ended Emma put the book away, and kneeling down by her chair, she began to thank the Heavenly Father for all of His blessings, and ask him to bless all those who were doing wrong, that they might stop their wickedness and live aright. Then she said, "And now, dear Father, I commit myself and my little one to thy care. Protect us during the night while we are unable to protect ourselves. So with implicit faith and confidence do we give ourselves

into Thy keeping for the future, in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Hark! Someone was knocking at the door. Who could it be? With a beating heart Emma asked, "Who is there?"

"Don't be afraid, Emma, it is I, David Douglas. I want to speak to you. I must speak to you tonight."

Emma opened the door, and the man who an hour before had planned to break into her home and rob her, stood before her, weak and sobbing like a little child.

"Emma Erickson," he said as soon as he could speak, "you are the best little woman in the world. Your song and prayer tonight touched my heart as nothing else in God's world could have touched it. I have been, I am a wicked man, but there remains still in my heart a spark of righteousness, a desire to do better. As I watched you kneel in prayer tonight I thought of the nights I used to kneel at my mother's knee, and repeat almost the same prayer that you prayed tonight.

"Emma, you will forgive me; I came her tonight to rob you; but now I would not hurt a hair of your head for the world. You have saved me from prison, perhaps from the gallows, and henceforth, by the grace of God, I mean to live a better life."

He reached out his hand to her, saying, "Emma, can you forgive me?"

"Yes, David," sobbed the dear young woman; I freely forgive you. I have often thought of you and prayed for you, and I believed with all my heart that the time would come when you would give up your evil ways, and turn to the Lord. O God!" she cried, "I thank thee that Thou hast heard my prayer."

From that hour David Douglas was a changed man. A month later he was baptized, to the joy and delight of his aged parents, and he is now a faithful Elder in Israel.

Emma's husband was over-joyed when he heard of David's conversion, and he says that his wife did a much better work at home than he did

abroad, and speaks of her with pride as "The Home Missionary."

Quiet Game—"I Say Stoop."

The children all stand facing the teacher. Whenever the teacher says "I say stoop!" both she and the class stoop and immediately rise again. But when she says "I say stand!" and stoops as before, the children remain standing. Those who make a mistake and stoop when the teacher stoops are out of the game, or must sit down. (This little game develops the sense of hearing besides furnishing physical exercise for the children.)

SEPTEMBER—THIRD SUNDAY.

Subject—The Organization of the Church.

Text—"History of the Church," vol. I; pp. 74-79. "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 104-111. "A Young Folks' History of the Church" (Nephi Anderson,) pp. 36-41.

Time—April 6th, 1830.

Place—Little town of Fayette, Seneca County, New York.

Aim—An humble birth is no hindrance to greatness.

SUGGESTIONS.

While Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were translating the Book of Mormon, they came across a passage explaining baptism for the remission of sins. They could not wholly understand it, so they went into the woods to pray. While here, that same John the Baptist who baptized Jesus, came down from heaven to them and blessed them with power to baptize people. (Teachers can explain that not every man can baptize people.) So Joseph baptized Oliver, and Oliver in turn baptized Joseph. (If the teachers think that they have children old enough to understand it, they may tell them of Apostles Peter, James, and John bestowing the Melchizedek Priesthood upon Joseph and Oliver, and giving them power to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.)

Joseph knew that the true Church

was not then upon the earth, so in obedience to the Lord's command, he organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The first meeting was on Tuesday, April 6th, at the home of "Father" Peter Whitmer. There were in attendance six men who had previously been baptized. Prayer was offered and every one voted to organize the Church. The sacrament was administered and everyone present was filled with the power of God, even so much that they experienced great joy. Joseph Smith was told to keep a record of the proceedings and also that he was to be called a prophet of the Lord. The meeting was dismissed by prayer.

How small and insignificant this Church seemed then! But it has grown and increased until it is considered one of the greatest organizations in the world today. (Tell the children that there are meetings for the fathers, the mothers, and older sisters and brothers, and several for the children, and missionaries are sent to every country. Each one has his place and can receive his blessing. It is promised that it will grow and increase until it fills the whole world.)

Application—How can we be humble?

Illustration—"The Burdock."

MORNING SONG.

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

1. Morning a - wak - eth, darkness is gone, In the bright
2. Brightly the dew drops shine on the grass, Bees thro' the

heav - ens shineth the sun, Birds with their music
mead - ows hum as they pass. All is so joyful,

fill the pure air, Flowers their fragrance breathe every - where.
all is so blest, Calmness and pleasure fill every breast.

THE BURDOCK.

(A Fable.)

There was no other garden in all the country like this one. The house that it encircles—or "mansion" as the people about called it—was fine and grand, but nobody looked at it twice when once he had entered the grounds.

There were banks of roses—banks of lilies—beds of mignonettes, pansies, and countless other low sweet flowers—tall, blooming shrubs scattered everywhere, some with strange foreign names—tangles of sweet peas, and all sorts of vines running over the rocks and in thickets—deep hollows of ferns and orchids, and high slopes crowded with gay beauties that love the sun. Statues looked out from dim nooks, and in the center a fountain threw, far and wide, showers of spray fine as mist, while a little brook wandered in and out among the clump of green and bloom.

Of course the gardener was very proud of it all, and the flowers themselves were so glad that their home was there that they were always sweet and smiling.

It was a great wonder, then, when one morning in the spring some stately tulips were seen nodding to each other in an excited angry way, while they seemed to draw back from something at their feet.

"What impertinence to venture here!" said one.

"Such coarse dark leaves as it has!" added another.

"And such an odor!" lisped a Hyacinth that was listening.

"Doesn't look as if it would make much show," jeered a Peony that was just unfolding its red petals.

The Burdock heard it all, and tried to hide deeper in the shade where it had sprung up.

Day by day the talk went on, and every new comer caught the spirit of ill-will and gave it to the next, till the whole neighborhood became discontented, and even complained of the

kind gardener for not casting out the intruder. He really had seen the Burdock, but it had reminded him of the days he was a child in a far-away cottage near which one had grown. So he left it undisturbed, hidden as he thought, in the shadow.

The Burdock thrived, in spite of all neglect and unkindness, and its leaves grew broader and broader. But it was sore at heart, and sometimes wished that it had never come up at all.

Now, the very prettiest thing in the whole garden was the little child Ernest, the only son of the owner of the house, who was running about among the flowers every day, his golden curls dancing, while he chased the butterflies, or gathered whatever pleased him.

Every blossom hoped it might be the one chosen to go with him into the beautiful mansion and see the wonders that it had heard were within.

One day he did not come into the garden, nor the next, nor the next, and soon it was whispered among the flowers that he was very ill, and that they might never see him again. The gardener moved silently about with no snatches of song or words of praise to the blossoms. He was passing some bright, newly opened ones absently, when the Burdock, that they almost overshadowed, caught his eye, and quick as thought, he snatched some of the broad leaves from the root and ran towards the house. He had suddenly remembered that the country people, among whom he had lived, had used them to ease pain.

The poor little Ernest was suffering terribly, and the physicians had tried all their remedies with no effect; so, when the leaves were brought in, they said they might be used, for, at least, they would do no harm.

To the surprise of all, they acted like magic, and the child was soon free from pain, and sleeping peacefully. The crisis of the disease had passed, and in a few days he was quite well again. The overjoyed parents brought

the little boy into the garden to see the plant that had saved his life. They couldn't make too much of it, and charged the proud gardener to root up whatever was in its way. So, a few of the scornful flowers were laid low, and some roses, carnations and lilies, just beyond, that had always pitied the Burdock, and now knew his kind heart and how glad he was to have been of use, became his fast friends, but the dislike of the others of his neighbors had ripened into envy.

"At least, he will never have blossoms," sneered a tall Cockscomb.

"No, indeed," answered a portly Dahlia, with a shrug.

What was their surprise then, when the Burdock, now grown much happier, began to shoot up branches that soon became covered with small pink flowers, set in prickly calyxes, to be sure, but quite fragrant. The little Ernest was greatly pleased, and when the gardener showed how to make pretty baskets and mats, and all sorts of things, by sticking the burry flower cups together, as he himself had done when a child, his delight knew no bounds. Day after day, he would gather quantities of the Burdock blossoms for his amusement, while he passed by all others.

But a great honor was to come to the Burdock. One day a sculptor came into the garden. He had been ordered by the master to make a statue of a famous man of the country and wished a model of leaf, flower or vine for its pedestal. Strolling here and there, and scanning everything critically he came to the Burdock, and paused before it a long time.

"The very thing!" exclaimed he at last. "Why go to the old world for the time worn Acanthus when here are leaves as fine and more characteristic?"

So the Burdock was put into marble, and formed part of the noted statue.

He was content. He had done good, had given pleasure, had been loved, and now had become immortal.—Selected.

SEPTEMBER—FOURTH SUNDAY.

Subject—The First Temple.

Text—"History of the Church," vol. I, pp. 349-353, 400; vol. II, pp. 410-428. "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 202-208. "History of the Prophet Joseph Smith," (Lucy Smith), pp. 204, 205. "A Young Folks' History of the Church," (Nephi Anderson), pp. 78, 79.

Time—Built between summer of 1835 and spring of 1836.

Place—Kirtland, Ohio, a town containing today about two hundred people.

Aim—Sacrifice, through love for the Gospel, brings spiritual blessings.

SUGGESTIONS.

Since the Church was organized, many of the Saints had moved to Kirtland, Ohio, and to other towns not far from there. Here they suffered great persecutions from the hands of their enemies. They were all poor and many in poverty and distress. Yet, when the prophet said that the Lord wished a house built to His name, the people donated liberally of what they had and worked with all their might until the temple was finished.

Heber C. Kimball said, "But the faith of the Saints was great, and they erected a house of the Lord; they were willing to make any sacrifice for the Gospel. Our enemies were raging and threatening destruction upon us, and we had to guard ourselves, night after night, and for weeks were not permitted to take off our clothes, and were obliged to lie with our firelocks in our arms." If the building had not thus been protected, the walls which had been put up during the day, would have been torn down at night. Thus the Saints exhibited to all men the toil, sacrifice and privation which they were willing to endure for the truth.

The manifestations of God's pleasure given in the Temple from time to time, were of such a glorious character

that the people were inclined to forget their troubles in erecting it. At the dedicatory services, angels were seen to enter, and later Christ came and told Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery that He had accepted the house and that He would manifest Himself to His people.

Application—We can give that nickel with which we were going to buy something, to the ward teacher to spend for coal for the meeting house.

Illustration—"The Promise that was Kept."

THE PROMISE THAT WAS KEPT.

There was a "Doll Show" in New York City last March. Naturally all the children who knew about it wanted to go, although there were many who had no hope of so doing. There was one little girl, however, belonging to this latter class, who longed to go into the enchanted land—as the Doll Show seemed to her—with such intensity that she prayed to God that He would take her there.

Her idea concerning God was something vague; but she was trustful.

Her name was Mollie Drew. She lived in the slums with her widowed mother, who was extremely poor. Her father was dead.

Eliza Harris, a little cripple, who lived in the next room to the Drews, had told Mollie about the Doll Show. She had read about it in the New York Herald that was wrapped about something that had been sent to them.

"Oh, it's lovely at a doll show," Eliza said to Mollie; "I went once, a long time ago,—oh, it was lovely!"

Her eyes shone at the thought of the pleasure of by-gone days.

"Tell me about it," begged Mollie, who had not the faintest idea of what a doll show was. Eliza clapped her thin little hands.

"Oh, it was like fairy land! There were lots and lots of dolls—such beautiful ones—oh my! They were queens, I guess, 'cause they were all

dressed in silks and satins and laces; and their clothes all sparkled like as if they were covered with diamonds. I guess they were covered with diamonds. Oh, Mollie! I wish you could go to the doll show—I just wish you could."

"I wish so, too, I do," Mollie said, wistfully; "but don't you want to go, too, Eliza?"

The light died out of the pale little face, and the child leaned back wearily against her chair. Mollie looked at her pityingly; then said, essaying to comfort:

"If I should go, Eliza, I'll tell you everything I saw—every single thing."

"That would be nice," observed the little cripple, her face brightening.

"I'd like to hear if this doll show is like mine. Wonder if the band'll play. Oh, my! such music as they had at my doll show."

"Was it your show?" questioned Mollie, wonderingly.

"No," she said, "not really, you know; but I like to think it was my show, 'cause I was there. I wonder who got my doll."

"Did you have a doll?"

Eliza smiled faintly.

"There was a baby doll here," she said wistfully; "oh, I loved it so! Oh, Mollie, it was sweet—so sweet! It had such a cunning little face, and such lovely little rings of yellow hair. Oh, Mollie!"

Eliza began to cry softly; the tears running down her cheeks as if she were in great distress.

"What's the matter?" asked Mollie. "Do you feel worse? Shall I call your mother?" rising to do so.

"Oh, no," putting out her hands in protest; "don't call mamma she has trouble enough now. I'm not worse, not a bit;" and she wiped the tears away and smiled.

"Well, then, what made you cry?" persisted Mollie.

"Because I'm a baby, I guess. You see, I've wanted that doll ever since that time. I never had one in all my life—not that I know of."

The tears came again, and rolled down her cheeks. Mollie was touched.

"I never had one either, that I can remember; but I declare if I ever should have one I'd give it to you—so I would."

Eliza reached over and grasped Mollie's hand.

"Would you really?" she asked, excitedly.

"Of course, I would."

"Why?"

"Well, because I would."

"Why would you?"

"Because—because I can get about and—and—you can't."

It was Saturday morning. The doll show was open. The band was playing at Sherry's. Troops of well-dressed children were hurrying along the walks to the "enchanted place." Some came in carriages, with their mothers and sisters, or both. The music of childish voices and childish laughter rang out upon the breeze.

Presently, out from a handsome carriage jumped a beautiful little girl. She was followed by a lady in mourning.

As they were about to enter the doll show, the beautiful little girl noticed another child, watching her wistfully. The face of the child was so eager and longing in its expression that it almost spoke. Hazel answered the look.

"Are you going to the doll show?" she asked.

"No," was the sorrowful answer.

"Why don't you go? You look as if you wanted to."

"I do want to, but—"

She stopped—her face flushing.

Hazel took in the situation.

"She can go with us—can't she, mamma?" she questioned, looking to her mother, who answered in the same spirit that characterized the child.

"Yes, of course she can. Come, dear," to Mollie, whose face became suddenly illumined.

It seemed to her as if she were entering heaven, so great was her rapture. Hazel's mamma, looked at the

little face, wished that some great artist could catch its expression. The band was playing beautiful music. Children were laughing and chatting, and even dancing over the polished floor, their white-aproned nurses watching them smilingly.

But, oh, the doll babies! Mollie was in a dream of bliss as she watched them. You can well imagine that to this little child of the slums, it appeared like Paradise.

Just before Hazel and her mamma and Mollie Drew left the doll show, there were two beautiful dolls purchased. They were baby dolls, with sweet faces, lovely blue eyes that opened and closed, and soft rings of golden hair. The baby dolls were dressed completely in beautiful lace-trimmed baby clothes. Mollie was presented with one; Hazel the other.

Mollie laughed and cried with joy when hers was put in her arms. Hazel's mamma took her home in the carriage, even going within the little barren room to see Mollie's mother.

When Mrs. Drew and Mollie were alone, there came—suddenly—a sad look into the latter's face.

"Oh, mamma," she cried out.

"What's the trouble, Mollie? Don't you like your beautiful doll?" the mother questioned in surprise.

"Oh, I love it—I just love it!" hugging it close to her arms; "that's what's the matter, I love it so I can't bear to give it up."

"Give it up!" exclaimed Mrs. Drew, beginning to think the child was becoming wild with joy.

"I must give it up. I must give it to Eliza. I promised it."

"How could you promise it to her? You just got it yourself."

"Well, you see, we are talking about the dolls yesterday, and poor Eliza had always longed for one, and I said if I ever got one I'd give it to her; so that's what I'm going to do."

A mist crept over Mrs. Drew's eyes. "You've always longed for a doll, too," she said.

"Yes, I know it, but I've promised,

and besides, Eliza is a cripple, so she needs it more than I do."

It was given to her, and with it came the greatest joy of her poor life. She laughed and cried in her delight; and then, with the baby doll held close, she folded her thin little hands and thanked God.

A few days later Hazel and her mamma called on the Drews. Hazel asked to see the baby doll, and was

surprised to hear it was not there. She even looked hurt.

"Come, please," said Mollie, jumping up suddenly, "I'll show you where it is. I gave it away; but it wasn't because I didn't love it. Please don't blame me."

And do you suppose Hazel blamed her? Oh, no! but after she saw Eliza with the doll in her arms, she loved Mollie, and they had many, many good times together.—Selected.

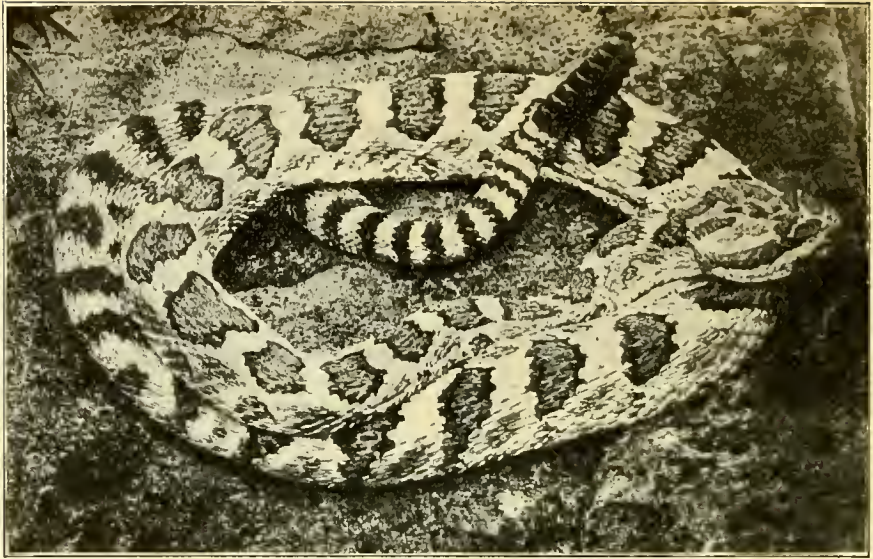
A Wonder.



"I saw a furry squirming thing
That rested on a tree,
A great long caterpillar snake,
Or — well, what could it be?
I didn't dare to pick it up.

So strange a beast I feared!
We travelers," said little Will,

"See wonders wild and weird!"



THE PACIFIC RATTLESNAKE.

The Rattlesnake.

(*Crotalus lucifer*.)

By *Claude T. Barnes, M. S. P. R.*

Member Biological Society of Washington, American Ornithologists' Union, etc.

Few scenes of the animal world can so completely terrorize the mind as that of an unexpected rattlesnake suddenly coiling and vigorous rattling in the very spot where the foot would next have trod. Imagine, again, the horror, the agonizing suspense, a friend of mine once experienced upon awakening in camp and finding a huge rattler snugly sleeping on his breast! Afraid scarcely to breathe, he lay still for half an hour until his partner returned.

There are twelve species of rattlesnakes in the United States varying little in size and virulence; but the Utah specimen is known as the Pacific rattlesnake with the scientific designation indicated above. Rattlesnakes as a whole, as a family, are called "pit vipers" (*Crotalidæ*); and the tiny hole or pit on each side of the face between the nostril and the eye is the surest indication of a poisonous snake that we have. The pit's use is unknown though Leydig thought it to be an or-

gan of the "sixth sense," whereby the snake is able to appreciate things at a distance beyond its sight or hearing.

Long curved fangs in the anterior portion of the upper jaw of a snake are also an unfailing indication of venom, more reliable than the rattlers themselves.

At best, a rattlesnake is ugly, loathsome, terrifying, and, in fact, our rattler (*lucifer*) was given its scientific name on account of its diabolical appearance, even though it is faded and not so lurid in color as those from moister regions.

One might happen upon a rattlesnake in Utah in any lonely rocky neighborhood, timbered or otherwise, where the altitude is five thousand feet or more, though they evidently prefer places like the vicinity of Strawberry Bridge, Weber Canyon, and the higher recesses of City Creek, Salt Lake City.

From the anterior portion of the upper jaw of a rattlesnake spring two

unmovable stout fangs which fold backward toward the palate like the blade of a jack knife when not in use. The bones of a snake's head are so closely jointed by means of elastic ligaments that it is capable of swallowing a prey many times as thick as its own body.

A microscopic examination of a cross section of a fang reveals the fact that the poison canal is a deep overgrown groove on the front side of the tooth. By means of a hinge joint in the upper jaw, the fangs can be erected or placed horizontally to the roof of the mouth ready to strike, though they are never used except for defense.

Just below and behind each eye is a venom gland which, when pressed upon by the head muscles of the angry snake, causes the venom to squirt down the canal and out of the tip of the fang.

When alarmed, a rattlesnake at once throws its body into a coil leaving the tail extended sufficiently to permit of incessant vibration of the rattles and the head raised enough to watch de-

velopments. The neck and upper body is not circled but rather folded abruptly across the mass of coils below. Then, look out! While thus at bay in an attitude of singular grace, the long black tongue is frequently protruded—a common movement among all serpents when irritated. Just before the blow, the snake makes a hissing sound caused by the act of expiration.

At the moment of striking, the snake's head is thrust forward for about half the length of the entire body—never more—the fangs penetrate the flesh of the victim, and then the serpent contracts its neck in such a manner as to drive the fangs in deeper still. Relaxing, it then endeavors to extract itself, and if the fangs will not come out, it shakes its head vigorously from side to side like a dog. Many people have mistaken this to be madness. If the fangs still remain hooked the snake wrenches so hard that they break off to be replaced later by a new pair.

If the fangs fail to strike at all, the



HEAD OF RATTLESNAKE,
Showing developing fangs ready to replace fangs broken off.

poison is squirted harmlessly a distance of six feet or more in the air.

If the tail of a headless snake is pinched, the grewsome bloody stump will fly back at one's hand as if the reptile were whole. Some of Dr. Mitchell's friends fainted at this unexpected act; and a fellow fisherman of mine was several days getting over the shock and the round blood spot on his shirt bosom where he was struck.

It is a popular fallacy that the number of rattles is an indication of age; but old and huge snakes have at times only one or two rings and a variable number are added each year. The greatest number of rattlers ever found on a snake is twenty-five; but fake museums and shows frequently link several sets on one snake's tail.

According to Dr. Floktistow, a rattlesnake's tail makes seventy-five vibrations, and the rattle one hundred and ten vibrations per second. The purpose of the rattles is probably to call the sexes together and not to decoy birds by imitating locusts nor to warn man as some suppose. Thus three rattlers came to the assistance of one being attacked by hogs.

Some report having seen birds charmed by snakes, but so scanty is the evidence that no scientific conclusion has yet been reached.

The young of rattlesnakes are brought forth in numbers varying from nine to twelve; and, curiously enough, the young wigglers run down their mother's throat when in danger.

Immunity from snake poison has in some cases been gained by inoculation with the weakened venom, as in vaccination for smallpox; and it is well known that snakes are immune to their own virus, and even harmless snakes are uninjured by the bite of poisonous serpents. King snakes and chain snakes, for instance, even kill and eat rattlesnakes.

In winter rattlers hibernate together. R. L. Davidson informs me that in the early days, seven hundred and seventy-five rattlesnakes were killed in one day, in Humboldt County, Nevada, by six hundred miners. Many of the men smashed the snake's heads with their boots after having permitted the reptiles to fly at the heavy leather soles.

Walter Chase's Experience.

By *Annic Malin*

"That settles it!" exclaimed Walter Chase, angrily, as he entered the room in which his mother sat reading her Bible. "I'll not try to teach a Sunday School class again."

"Why, Walter, what has happened?" questioned his mother, in surprise.

"Everything unpleasant has happened," answered Walter, an ugly frown disfiguring his usually pleasant countenance. "John Roberts was impertinent, and the other boys encouraged him in his impertinence, and the girls did nothing but giggle and make remarks. I am perfectly discouraged, and shall go to Brother Mason with my resignation this very day."

"But, my son," said Mrs. Chase, gently, "don't be too hasty. Think the matter over and you may see it in a different light. It was only a few weeks ago that Brother Mason spoke in praise of your work in the Sabbath School, and I was so proud of my son."

"That only makes it more discouraging," replied the young man, "and to make matters worse, he had brought two visitors from another Stake who wished to compare my class with theirs and gets points from it. Think of it, mother! to get points," and Walter's anger blazed forth stronger than ever as he felt again the humiliation of the

morning. To think my boys and girls could so humiliate me, and in the presence of visitors, it is unbearable."

He strode from the room and his mother heard him mount the stairs and enter his own apartment, shutting the door and turning the key.

She sighed deeply and tried to resume her reading, but finding it impossible to concentrate her mind upon it, she closed the book and sat deep in thought.

Presently a shadow darkened the window, and her brother's voice broke the silence, saying pleasantly:

"What are you dreaming about, Mary?"

Mrs. Chase rose gladly to welcome him, "I am so glad to see you, Jack," she said, as she kissed him, "I am troubled about Walter, and need your advice."

"Walter?" said Uncle Jack, in surprise. What in the world has Walter been doing to cause such a tone as that?"

Mrs. Chase told him of Walter's trouble with his class and waited anxiously for her brother's opinion, for Uncle Jack was so wise and strong that his advice was asked upon all important subjects, his sister depending upon his judgment; for, she had been a widow for several years, and had felt the responsibility of raising her only son in the proper manner. She seldom failed to feel comforted and cheered by confiding her troubles to him, although he was several years the younger.

Walter was a good son, but was inclined to be hasty in both action and speech. He had been willing to take a class in Sabbath School, and had tried to interest the class in the lesson. He thought it was only right that the boys and girls should appreciate his endeavors in their behalf, by being attentive and respectful, and such had been their attitude for a time, and Walter had been proud of his success. Then John Roberts and one or two more had joined the class, and brought

a new spirit, the spirit of unrest and impertinence, which so often comes in to spoil a model class and discourage the teacher.

Uncle Jack listened attentively, and after a moment's consideration, he said: "Don't worry, Mary, it will come out all right."

"But Jack," said Mrs. Chase, tremulously—"If he gives up his class he will give up Sunday School altogether; I am afraid he will drift away entirely if he does that."

Just then Walter entered the room, hat in hand. He greeted his uncle affectionately, for he admired and respected him very much.

"Where are you going, Walter?" asked his mother, as he was about to open the door.

"Over to Brother Mason's," replied the young man, decisively, and at the tone his mother's heart sank.

"Suppose we talk it all over first, my boy," suggested Uncle Jack. "Your mother has been telling me you are feeling discouraged with your Sunday School work."

"It will do no good to talk it over," asserted Walter. "I have gone over the matter carefully, and I have made up my mind. I can't, and won't put up with it any longer. My discipline is broken down, my method ridiculed. I would not endure again the humiliation which I endured this morning for a hundred classes; and as to John Roberts, why Uncle Jack, I really feel that I could give him a good sound thrashing, one which he would never forget. I have tried to have patience with him, thinking he would do better; I have talked to him kindly as long as I could. Today I threatened to tell his parents, and he laughed in my face."

"If you had been there I am sure you would not blame me, Uncle Jack. I do not wish to cause dissension, and so I will leave the class to someone wiser than I am."

"I am not blaming you, but pardon me if I say that you have not yet the

right spirit of the Gospel," said Uncle Jack, kindly. Walter stared at him in amazement.

"Why, Uncle Jack, how can you say that?" he asked in surprise. I put my heart in the work and tried to do my duty—what more could I do? I took pride in making my class among the best, and I cannot agree with you in what you say."

Uncle Jack laid a kind hand on the young man's shoulder. "It is true, my boy, you have not the true spirit of the Gospel, but you are not alone in that, by any means. In your anger at the humiliation of your pride and in the apparent downfall of your discipline, which you thought more than ordinarily good, you lose sight of the fact that the soul of one of God's children is in danger, grave danger, a danger more real, perhaps, than you can imagine."

"Is that the spirit of the Gospel? Is that the spirit shown by the Savior? Did He study His own feelings, and think of His pride or His physical comfort when His children needed Him? Did He forget that His love and forgiveness were necessary for the salvation of the souls of those who had gone astray? Did He give up teaching the truth because He was held up to ridicule? What if your pride is humbled! It is in a good cause."

"Think it over, my boy, and pray over it, too; don't be hasty. No doubt the visitors understood the situation. Very likely they had sometime been placed in the same position, for boys are the same the world over; among them are some unruly spirits."

"Did you ever have such a boy to contend with?" asked Walter, interested in spite of himself.

"Yes, indeed," answered Uncle Jack, with a twinkle of his eye. "I did, and the worst of it was, the boy was myself."

"Surely you were never such a boy," said Walter, in amazement.

"Yes," said he, gravely, "and if it had not been for my Sunday School teacher I shudder to think of the man I might have become."

"I thought you were always a model," said Walter, and Uncle Jack smiled.

"I am not proud of my story," he said, "but I will tell you about it. I was not really vicious, but I had gotten in with a crowd of boys who encouraged me in a sort of defiant attitude which I took toward my Sunday School teacher. He was one of the best young men I ever knew, and in my heart I admired and respected him.

"Still I was foolishly proud of the position I held among the boys, and thought more of their admiration than of my lessons. At last I wore out the patience of my teacher, and he made up his mind that the class would be better without me in it. I was really ashamed of my own actions, but of course, thought I would be a coward to give in. He talked to me kindly, but I only laughed at him and answered him impertinently. Through some of the boys my father heard of it and gave me the thrashing I richly deserved, but then and there I resolved to leave home. It doesn't matter now how I took what money I had and went by train as far as I was able, nor how I slept in stacks and almost starved for a week after that. I stole a ride on a train and fell in with a gang of really bad boys, who made me believe they were going to work in a certain city, and that if I liked I could go with them. I believed them, and looked upon them as ill-used boys like myself. However, when we reached the city, to my horror, we were all arrested, and I found out what it was to be judged by the company in which I was found, for the others had been guilty of robbing a house, and I was supposed to be one of the gang. I was locked up over night, and though sick with fright, I had no way of prov-

ing my innocence. Then some of my Sabbath School lessons came to my mind, and I fell on my knees and prayed for assistance.

"Somehow I felt comforted, and soon fell asleep, only waking when the next day had dawned. Sometime later I was told that someone wanted to see me, and to my unspeakable joy, in walked my teacher. He had blamed himself for my foolish action in leaving home, and had followed every clue; disregarding physical discomforts, he had managed to find me. I need not tell you, my boy, how glad I was to get away from that city. I had never realized how much love a teacher has for his class if he has the right spirit.

"How eloquently he talked to me, until he made me see the danger I had been in; not only the danger of being locked up for a long period, but the more serious danger of descending to the level of those who would have led my soul into danger.

"Well, he took me away from the place as soon as possible, and I can tell you it was none too soon to suit me, and I was glad to reach home and friends again. I felt that I could not do enough to show my heart-felt gratitude to my teacher, but it did not matter very much, for my sister made ample amends by becoming his wife," and Uncle Jack laughed.

"Yes, Walter," he concluded, "that young man became your father, and you are very much like him."

Walter's eyes were full of tears; he had dearly loved his good father.

"I am afraid my father would be

ashamed of me today," he said.

After a few moments, he said, earnestly, "Thank you, Uncle Jack, I shall not soon forget this lesson."

Then he again took up his hat, but this time he kissed his mother, and said:

"I am going to find John Roberts."

Soon afterwards he returned accompanied by a boy whom he introduced to his uncle and mother as "John Roberts, one of my Sunday School class."

The two then repaired to Walter's room and were soon heard discussing the treasures which Walter had collected.

Uncle Jack and his sister exchanged happy glances, and the former said:

"Bless the boy, Mary, he is very much like his father."

"Yes," was her reply, "and he is like his uncle, too."

Uncle Jack laughed. "You always were partial to your brother," he said.

After his visitor had gone home, Walter told his mother and uncle that he had been trying to look at the boy through the eyes of love instead of looking for faults, and had really found much to admire in him.

"And just think of it," he said; "he was trying to make up his mind to ask my pardon for his conduct, when I met him and asked him to forgive my lack of patience. You should have seen his face then," he concluded. "I have faith in him now, and who knows but what he may become as good a man as you, Uncle Jack, for I believe he will merit my faith."

And he did.

MORNING MEDITATION.

"That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if I show
A burden lightened by the cheer I send,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content."

The Story of a Beautiful Spirit.

By Van Guard.

"Now, grandma," said Margaret, as she nestled comfortably in her mother's arms, "please tell us a story."

"Yes! yes!" eagerly cried the other children, "you promised to tell us a new one when you came again."

Grandma smiled fondly at the bright young faces and dreamily fixing her eyes upon the fire which glowed in the old-fashioned grate, she began:

"A long time ago,"—

"Please grandma," interrupted Margaret, "Please begin it with, 'Once upon a time.'"

"Very well," responded grandma indulgently.

"Once upon a time, in a country beyond the clouds, lived a beautiful Spirit which was eager to come to earth to live a mortal life, and make a record for itself before returning to its former home. Permission being granted, in due time it came to earth and found a body in which to dwell, and the place to which it came was in a far country beyond the great ocean.

"The body in which this Spirit found an abiding place was in the form of a tiny infant.

"Unfortunately for the beautiful Spirit, this body, through no fault of its own, was neither beautiful nor perfect, and so the Spirit, although large and beautiful itself, was obliged, as long as it lived upon the earth, to inhabit this body, and in consequence suffered much unhappiness while the poor body was often racked with pain.

"The Spirit saw about it on all sides the bodies inhabited by other spirits; bodies which were beautiful and strong and it often felt that the Heavenly Father from which it had come was unmindful of it.

"It longed for sympathy and love but many of those by whom it was surrounded regarded the unattractive body with a feeling of repulsion, for human beings are apt to look at the

outward form instead of recognizing the lovely Spirit within.

"And as it began to realize this the poor Spirit withdrew more and more within itself and suffered silently.

"After a time it began to look for consolation to the beauties of nature, and nature was more kind, and it responded to the love of the Spirit and put forth its best efforts to brighten the life of the sufferer.

"When the weak hands cultivated the warm earth and planted the tiny seeds and tender plants they seldom failed to respond to the loving care bestowed upon them; becoming beautiful and bright they filled the hearts of many people with joy as they passed by, and the beautiful Spirit was happier than ever before.

"So the years went by and the weak hands kept on doing what work they were able to do, for there were many little duties to perform in the family to which the frail body belonged, and many were the acts of kindness done there and elsewhere, for it was willing though weak.

"So between the duties to perform and cultivating the flowers, which were its chief pleasure, it was kept employed. And then a wonderful thing happened.

"The loving Father caused a message to be sent to the family and their eyes were opened to the beauties of that message, and they could see it was from God. So they accepted it with thankful hearts.

"This message taught them that the Gospel had been restored to the earth and the beautiful Spirit in the weak body heard it and believed it.

"From that time there was a new happiness for the Spirit, and in the course of time the family left the old home where they had lived so long, and crossing the great ocean, they journeyed to a distant valley sur-

rounded by lofty mountains and there made themselves a new home.

"Then the Spirit was happier, the weak hands still worked, and people often saw the little form bending among the plants and shrubs; but they saw only the bent form and few seemed to realize that within it was a warm heart that hungered for love and appreciation.

"Then the Spirit gradually grew more sensitive to the sights, either real or imaginary, which it received, and after a time it grew bitter, and then changes came, and some relatives and friends were called back to the spirit world, while others occupied with their own affairs grew indifferent, until very few remained who took any interest in it, and these did not fully realize the sadness of it.

"But the weary little Spirit knew that this life is not all, and had hope and faith that sometime it would lay down the weak body and rise as a beautiful soul.

"And so, one day, when the poor body had endured all it was able to endure, the All-wise Father sent an angel down to earth, and the angel touched the poor little sufferer gently, and said "come," and then the beautiful Spirit which had been wait-

ing for the summons, broke loose from the poor weak body and after one last look upon the wornout body and humble surroundings, it turned a glorified face toward the shining towers of the Heavenly City and was wafted to a new home, where there awaited many friends and relatives to welcome it.

"Instead of the tiny house there was a beautiful mansion prepared expressly for it, and there was nothing to mar its happiness.

"Instead of the worn-out body there was a new one without one sign of the imperfections of the mortal tabernacle, and among the purified souls the beautiful Spirit at last was free and happy."

By the time grandma had finished the story, little Margaret was sound asleep, but blue-eyed Isabel said soberly, "What a pity, grandma, that the people didn't find out about the beautiful Spirit inside."

"Yes, dear," said grandma gravely, but remember, there are others yet to be discovered, for many of the most beautiful spirits occupy the frailest bodies."

"Well, then," said Isabel, "I intend always to be looking for them so as to help make them happier while they are here."

And grandma said tenderly, "That is right my child, God help you to find them."

PERSEVERANCE.

It is related of Tamerlane that, when closely pursued by his enemies, he took refuge in a ruined building, where, left to his solitary musings, he espied an ant tugging and striving to carry a single grain of corn. His unavailing efforts were repeated sixty-nine times, and at each brave attempt, as soon as he reached a certain projecting point, he fell back with his burden, unable to surmount it; when lo! the seventieth time he bore away his spoil in triumph, and left the wondering hero reanimated and exulting in the hope of future victory.

Orison Swett Marden

The "Terror."

By *W. A. M.*

In the southern part of Utah lived a poor widow and her son. The latter was a wild and reckless youth, frequently getting into trouble and causing his mother much sorrow. He was considered the terror of the town in which he lived. The Bishop of the ward and his counselors met one evening to consider his case. They decided, provided the young man was ageable, to send him to the Brigham Young College at Provo. They had two objects in this: first, to get rid of him, and, second, to reform him. They offered to pay the expense of his tuition.

When the proposition was submitted to the young man and his mother they accepted it, and in due time the former was enrolled among the students at the Brigham Young College. One look at him convinced his school-mates that he was a fellow not to be trifled with. He came to school with his books under his arm and a six-shooter in his hip pocket. He did not take kindly to his new environment. He felt like a young, wild colt being tamed and trained to work in harness.

He had been in school about a week when he "broke out" and had a row with his teachers. The latter went to Superintendent Maeser and apprised him of the actions of the incorrigible, and recommended that he be dismissed immediately. Brother Maeser sat in silent meditation for a few minutes, and then he said: "Go back and bear with him a little longer. He is the son of a poor widow; she is hoping and praying that some day he will be led to see the folly of the course he is pursuing and turn round and begin to lead a new life. She has written me several letters concerning him, pleading with me to try to save him. I have promised her that I will do my best, and I shall keep my promise. Give him another chance."

The teachers returned to their classes to carry out the advice of their master. But they utterly failed in their efforts to bring the bold and defiant spirit under control. At the end of another week they were in their master's room again, laying before him two propositions. One of them was that he dismiss the young man at once; the other, if he refused to do so, they would immediately tender their resignations.

"He is a terror," said one of the instructors; "we have tried our best but can do nothing with him."

"Send him to me," said Brother Maeser.

A few minutes later the young man entered the principal's room.

"Did you send for me?" he asked in angry, insubordinate tone of voice.

"I did," replied the able instructor; "I have sent for you to tell you that you leave this institution tomorrow."

"All right," replied the daring youth, and he turned and left the room.

In the middle of the night Brother Maeser awoke from his slumber. His thoughts at once turned to the wayward young man whom no one had been able to control, and who was going to be expelled from the college that day. He thought of the poor widow and of her pleadings with him to try and save her boy. Arising from his bed, he knelt down and laid the matter before the Lord. This was the substance of his prayer:

"Dear Father, there is a young man in our school that we are unable to handle. We have tried our best and have failed. If there be any way by which we can save him, make it known unto us, and we will give to Thee the praise, the honor and the glory."

"I failed to derive any satisfaction from my petition," said Elder Maeser afterwards, "and I concluded that the Lord had also given him up."

About ten o'clock the next morn-

ing, as Brother Maeser sat in his office, a knock was heard at his door. "Come in," he called, and the "black sheep" entered.

"Well," said the president of the institution, "what do you want?"

The young man bowed his head and asked, "Can I speak to you for a moment, Brother Maeser?"

"Certainly," answered the latter.

"With choking voice the young man said, "You are not going to turn me out today, Brother Maeser, are you? Won't you give me one more chance?"

Jumping to his feet and stretching out his arms to the wayward youth the loving teacher exclaimed: "Come to my arms, my boy; God bless you,

I will give you, not one chance, but a thousand chances." And the master and pupil fell on each other's necks and wept.

That was the turning point in the young man's life. He applied himself with such diligence to his studies that more than once Brother Maeser had to warn him against overworking himself.

"What became of him?" you ask. The last time we heard of him he was acting as counselor to the Bishop who some years before had written to Brother Maeser to take him out of his ward. He, with tens of thousands of others, lives today to bless the memory of Karl G. Maeser.

Two Men in the Making.

By R. A. A. R.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW HOPE FOR PARLEY.

It was the cool afternoon of an early spring day. The tall cottonwood tree that grew by the little log schoolhouse had put on leaf buds, and green tufts were showing here and there.

The schoolhouse door opened, and Miss Alma, followed by Parley Deming, came out.

"So you understand the problem now?" she queried.

"It's as clear as daylight now," he replied.

They walked on a little way.

"What occupation are you going to follow when you are older, Parley?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh, I ain't good for nothin'!"

"That's right, Parley, if you say 'isn't' instead of 'ain't,'" laughed Miss Alma. "I know you're not good for nothing, and you're also good for something."

"Not in grammar, anyway; you can't dispute that," cried Parley, good-naturedly.

"What do you want to be, at least?" persisted his teacher.

"Oh, farming and cattle raising's good enough for me if I take my choice. But ma says a farmer hain't nobody—I mean, 'isn't anybody.'"

"That all depends on the man, Parley. If a man is really worth anything, he can be a farmer and be something at the same time. Nowadays farming is becoming a science. If people only knew it, farming furnishes more opportunity for many-sided development than anything else, almost. Just give me a chance to get a strong self-supporting young farmer!"

Parley thought about a young man, of whom he had heard in connection with Miss Alma, and wondered if he was a farmer, but he was too polite to say so. Instead he said, "'Course, too, a man has to live in the country to be a farmer."

"Ah, but 'God made the country, and man made the city.' Have you heard it? Show me a neat little house like your father's with four or five acres of farming land; then a city

house with lawn and flowers even in front and a back yard big enough for a clothesline. I'll take the land, with room to grow, room for flowers, orchards, birds, bees, and oh! gracious me, I never could stand it to be crowded."

"Well, I believe I feel that way myself, but then I'd like to see the city.

"Oh, certainly, and a successful farmer or cattleman will have money enough to take a trip occasionally. I think you would be successful, very successful."

"I don't know why, as dull as I am."

"Ah, but you are earnest, and strong, and healthy. Many a boy that is brighter than you in his studies will linger while you pass him, if you are what I think you. Many a bright boy wastes his energy in loafing. Some even take up with the tobacco habit, or other bad habits that rob their natural powers, until they must see a steady boy like you pass by them and get wealthy and happy."

They had reached Coulter's gate, and were talking there. Parley's face expressed appreciation of Miss Alma's good opinion.

"Go on, Parley," she said, as she turned toward the house, "don't get discouraged. You will succeed or I miss my guess."

The light of hope and courage shone from Parley's eyes, as he made his way across the cornfield toward home.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOME RECEPTION.

Something unusual is going on in the newly painted little frame house at the turn of the road. It is the fall time of the year, and the old trees have showered down their leaves in piles all over the door yard. Walter has the rake, and Willis the broom. They are carrying them off in the wheelbarrow. Here comes Isabella out of the house with a steaming kettle and a big brass bucket. What is she

about? Ah! here is Laurence turning the corner. He has two fat chickens by the legs. Into the bucket they go as Isabella pours the steaming water in.

"Now, what can I do?" asked Willis, turning half way round on his heel, and back again.

"Oh, get some potatoes out of the cellar," returned Isabella.

"I'll peel them, too," he cried, with a lively hop, skip, and jump around the corner.

"What a cracker jack to help he is!" smiled Isabella, "but it's easy to work today."

"Oh, Isabella, are they fat? These turkeys are *birds!*" It was Sister Deming's voice from within—a wonderfully buoyant voice.

"No doubt, ma. These chickens are birds, too, as far as I can tell." Isabella's tone, too, was an upward note of joy.

And here is Tressa at the parlor window, shaking a dust cloth. "Not much of a cook, but a sweeper and duster not to be sneezed at," so she said.

"That's Dean Coulter coming through the gate with something under a cloth. "Cream cake," said she to Sister Deming. "Seems to me I remember Fred was fond of it."

"Dear me! how good everyone is!" exclaimed Sister Deming, with a tremor in her voice. "It just takes a day or two to repay anyone for three years of sacrifice."

"I fancy, though," remarked Dean, "that you won't want to send him on a mission again right away."

"If I once catch sight of him, I'll not let him step outside of the house for a month," declared the mother.

So here was the secret—the Missionary's return!

And where are Parley and Hyrum? Hyrum is in the house turning the ice cream freezer between the times that he gets up and walks to the window to see if the buggy is in sight. Parley and Fred are expected to arrive some time in the afternoon, by which time

it is probable that all the relatives and friends in Hillburg will have gathered at the Demings!

Bang! It was the porch door that shut. Hyrum was speeding down the road to the gate, followed by all his younger brothers,—Laurence, Walter, Willis, and Edgar. At the gate Hyrum halted for breath, and in a most authoritative fifteen-year old voice, demanded, "What do all you kids want to hurry so for? He's not near here yet. All you can see is his dust." Not one of the boys heeded, but all kept on as fast as they could.

Sister Deming had dropped the oven door on the roasting turkey, and stood motionless in the doorway, with her hands still holding her apron as if to keep from burning her hand. Brother Deming had come up to the house, and now stood in the sunny yard, shading his eyes in the direction of the road.

Isabella and Tressa, with springing haste, had reached the porch, as the buggy came through the gate loaded down with Deming boys.

That handsome young man sitting up in front with a curling brown moustache!—was that the twenty-one year old Fred Deming, who went away three years ago? Yes, the frank blue eyes were the same. It was he.

Brother Deming advanced with broad strides, Sister Deming came out of her apparent trance, and father and mother stood together ready to embrace their son. Words would have been poor tools to express their full joy, and none were spoken till Fred had greeted them all. It was then that he could tell his happy mother how glad he was that she was as young as ever (as if, even if she were old, she would not have been young on this day!) But he was obliged to remark that Isabella was certainly older; that from sixteen to nineteen is quite an advance, that having grown so much taller he could hardly have recognized her but for that mole under her chin, although, of course, none

but a brother would think of looking past the roses and dimples to find it. And Tressa, he must say she had aged, too. Then followed comments on Parley's manlike size, and Hyrum's slender "beanpole" form, and each one in turn; and how father was making ends meet, the farm work, and so forth.

Sister Deming finally remembered the turkey that must surely be getting tough by this time. Fred followed her into the kitchen, and demanded to assist in preparing dinner, by performing such tasks as stirring gravy, and basting turkey. He was not a bit tired, having slept soundly the night before.

This was the signal for all the others who were not busy, or who could carry their work with them, to get into a neighborhood with that part of the house. Brother Deming himself leaned his tall form against the door frame. And conversation advanced more rapidly than dinner preparations.

The company were there long before the repast was ready, but nobody cared for that. Everyone was glad to see jolly Fred home again. Everyone was ready to assist while chatting and chaffing merrily. There was no formality, not even in the hearty handshaking.

It was a sumptuous repast they sat down to, occupying a number of tables, and seats having to be improvised of chairs, boards, and comforters, to accommodate them all.

After dinner it was desired that Fred speak to the assembled friends. There was only good will in the faces of all before him as he spoke.

"I believe, brethren and sisters," said he, "that today is the happiest day I have ever spent. I cannot express the satisfaction I feel to receive such a welcome at home.

"I am thankful that I have performed my mission; yet when I first got to those lonely islands away out there in the Pacific, I should have right-about faced and returned on the

ship that took me there, had I not believed it was God's will that I remain. I remember well the day, when the boat, rocking from side to side, brought me to land. On the shore above me my first introduction to the islands was the sight of the black body of an almost naked native. His appearance was too horrible to describe, with his eyes peeled up with savage tattooing.

"But I stayed, and I conquered my disgust, with the aid of my brother laborers and the natives themselves. I left behind many a dark-skinned face that I should be happy to see again.

"When we think of a mission, we think of expounding the principles of our faith. But out there we had to teach them cleanliness before religion. We had to tell them, for instance, not to drink the stagnant water that had stood in their jugs for days, but to dip it fresh from the stream that flowed close by. Fancy them, dirty, for they never thought of washing themselves, sitting round a great dish of 'poi poi,' everyone dipping in his fingers, licking them off, and then repeating the process. And they are very hospitable, always asking the Elders to eat with them. You can imagine what we had to go through.

"But we learned to eat even 'poi poi' when it was made clean, and we ate breadfruit, bananas, and all tropical fruits. Yet, whenever a ship came in, we were always on hand for a piece of white bread. I never knew that bread was so good, but we have proven it to be more palatable than any confection that was ever made.

"Those people were like children to teach and very kind in disposition, many of them. We believe they have advanced through our efforts, and we rejoice to have opened the mission.

"I have now a trunk full of interesting things from the islands, which you will enjoy looking at more than hearing me talk. You may also taste some 'poi poi,' for I have brought two bottles of it."

Then Fred proceeded to carry out his promise, after the trunk had been brought in and opened.

There were shells, shells, shells, large, small, smooth, rough, rounded, star-shaped, pointed, long short, white, grey, brown, pink, speckled, striped, blue-tinted, such a collection as none there had ever seen before; there were pink and white corals; a necklace of porpoise teeth considered highly beautiful by the natives; seaweeds, ferns, grasses, pressed flowers; baskets, coconut vessels; a stone battleaxe, a war club; hideous small stone images; native cloth and clothing; bamboo, scented woods; and many other things both curious and instructive.

The people of Hillburg spent a memorable day.

It was Parley and Hyrum, who put all the relics back in the trunk after the rest had gone home. They were two of six Deming boys, who felt a great pride in their oldest brother. They were two of many, who would have been pleased if sleep could have been left out, while they listened all night and all day to Fred's account of the islands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POWER.

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past,
The bit of clay was hard at last,
The form I gave it, still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him never more.

—Selected.

Mothers' Corner.

SOME GOOD OLD RULES.

To get a wrong thought out of the mind, put in a noble one. To dispel darkness let in sunshine. To drive out bad temper, teach self-control. These are good old rules that many people never seem to reach or understand.

Scolding a child rarely helps along an inch. It belongs to the past deeds done and over with. Inspiring a child tells for miles ahead. It belongs to the present deed and the long future. It belongs, also, to the most deep and complete power of a mother over her child. The mother who has understood, who has inspired her boys and her girls, is never outgrown, never superseded by newer affections.

The thought of her remains the fundamental one, to the very end of life. This is the power that every mother longs for—and the power that she can and ought to have if she is wise enough to hold earnestly to the best things for her child.

TACT AND FRIENDLINESS.

A lady who possesses an indefinable charm of manner came to New York one August day and established herself for a time in a hotel which sheltered a good many families. She said to me: "When I met people and bowed to them with a pleasant good-morning they looked at me with freezing stares or else gave me a snippy little nod and walked on as if I were a freak. I simply could not stand it. I have never been used to staying three weeks among decent people and having nobody to talk to. Yet my advances were coldly repelled. However, I was not discouraged. One evening I entered the large reception room with my knitting. I was making a most beautiful shawl in a most beautiful stitch and in rainbow colors. I had thrown over my black dress a white scarf and I seated myself directly in the middle

of the room, under the chandelier and began to work on my shawl. My dear, in fifteen minutes every woman in that room was at my side. First one came saying diffidently: 'May I look at your work?' then another followed, and another, and before the evening was over we were all chatting like old acquaintances. I know everybody in the house now."

I can fancy this lovely woman with her silver hair and her benign face and her air of queening it wherever she goes, sitting there a conquerer, with her weapons only tact and knitting needles. Back of it though was genuine liking for people and a rare gift of social leadership which any of us might be glad to cultivate.—Margaret E. Sangster.

A TRANQUIL HEART.

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm. The exquisite pose of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold. How contemptible mere money wealth looks in comparison with a serene life, a life which dwells in the ocean, as it were, of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm! How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and truly beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their pose of character by making bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!

Seed Thoughts for Boys.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Some boys will pick up a good education in the odds and ends of time, which others carelessly throw away, as one man saves a fortune by small economies, which others disdain to practice. What young man is too busy to get an hour a day for self-improvement?

You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time, you must take it.

If a genius like Gladstone carried through life a little book in his pocket lest an unexpected moment should slip his grasp, what should we, of common abilities, resort to, to save the precious moments from oblivion?

"Nothing is worse for those who have business than the visits of those who have none," was the motto of a Scottish editor.

Drive the minutes or they will drive you. Success in life is what Garfield called a question of "margins." Tell me how a young man uses the little ragged edges of time while waiting for meals of tardy appointment, after his day's work is done, or evenings—what opportunity—and I will tell you what the man's success will be. One can usually tell by his manner, the direction of the wrinkles in his forehead or the expression of his eyes, whether he has been in the habit of using his time in good advantage or not.

The most valuable of all possessions is time; life itself is measured by it. The man who loses no time doubles his life. Wasting time is wasting life.

Some squander time, some invest it, some kill it. That precious half-hour a day which many of us throw away, rightly used, would save us from the ignorance which mortifies us, the narrowness and pettiness which always attend exclusive application to our callings.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past

life, and the neglected opportunities.—Success.

A BOY'S TARGET.

It has been said that if there were no birds, man could not live on the earth, and yet cases much like the following, reported by the *Daily Sentinel* of Fairmount, Minnesota, are constantly noticed by observing people. The boy with a rifle or a gun is often thoughtless and careless.

A mother dove had been the target of some small boy. The bullet had passed through her breast, and had left her only strength enough to flutter homeward and reach the nest, where a half-grown fledgling awaited her coming.

Dying, she had smuggled up against her little one, her life-blood pulsing out over her own white breast and against that of her young. And there, with eyes staring wide, she breathed her last, and the fledgling starved, and then froze. The two were found with their heads pressed together as in a last embrace.

The owner of the dove-house brought them down-town just as they rested in the nest, and the sight and the suffering of which it spoke were enough to melt the hardest heart.

The boy with the rifle may cause a like tragedy again, and many times.

DO YOU DO THESE THINGS?

It is bad manners to make remarks about the food at dinner.

To talk about things which only interest yourself.

To contradict your friends when they are speaking.

To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.

To say smart things which may hurt some one's feelings.

To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.

To be rude to those who serve you,
either in shop or at home.

To think first of your own pleasure
when you are giving a party.

To refuse ungraciously when some-
body wishes to do you a favor.

FORGET AND REMEMBER.

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you,
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Whenever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, what'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure.
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid
And be a grateful debtor.

VALUE OF A SCHOOL DAY.

I have heard it stated that every day in school is worth ten dollars added to the capitalized valuation of a boy's life, which is pretty good pay for going to school. And I have heard Mr. James Mapes Dodge, son of the story-teller, say that a schoolboy's value at sixteen is \$3,000, which is just about what he has cost, but that three years in trade school increases that to \$12,000, which is over twelve dollars a day for each additional day at school after sixteen.—W. B. Forbush.

GOOD MEASURE.

Governor Hughes gave this advice to the boys of Troy, New York, one Sunday afternoon:

"Put a little more in the measure than you need to; give a good basketful of fruit and don't simply have a little display on top. Give a little more work than you are asked to give and it will show on the one hand that you are unpurchasable, and on the other hand that you esteem it an honor to give more than is required at your hands."

STUDY THE BIBLE.

"A youth of seventeen should intimately know the English Bible. He should know it as literature quite aside from its religious teaching. He should know it from having had it read to him from his earliest years, and from reading and studying it himself. One who grows up without this intimate acquaintance with the great masterpiece of all literature is without something for the loss of which nothing can compensate, and which nothing can replace." This is the judgment, not of a minister, but of a great literary authority.—Western Christian Advocate.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said, "if I can cut it the way you want it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."—Detroit Free Press.

HIDING FROM GOD.

A teacher once held up a vase of water, in which a gold-fish was swimming about, and said to the children before him, "See this fish hide. Do you see him now?"

"Yes, sir," the children shouted.

And as the fish moved in all directions, the question, "Do you see him now?" was repeated, to call forth the same eager reply, "Yes, sir."

"Can't he hide from you?" asked the teacher.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Why?"

"Because we see through the glass."

"So," said the teacher, "God sees right through our hearts. We cannot hide from Him."

Seed Thoughts for Girls.

ONLY MOTHER.

Only mother! She won't care if we leave her alone; she doesn't mind.

Only mother! She hasn't had anything new this year. But it is different with her; she is old and you are young. Of course it is natural that you should want frills and ruffles; she doesn't care for them.

Only mother! She wouldn't enjoy the picnic. Besides, she hasn't time to go; there is work to be done. She told you so. Why, bless her, she had "lots," rather stay at home and finish that weeding in the garden. Didn't she say so?

Only mother! Her hat is out of style, but that isn't the reason she didn't go to church Sunday. She laughs at style and doesn't care if her clothes are dingy and faded. Didn't she tell you so only Saturday?

Only mother! It isn't necessary to go down again. Mother won't mind the forgotten good-night. You would feel hurt if you were forgotten, but mothers are different, somehow. They don't care about little things.

And so mother sits alone. She wears a calico gown. Mother doesn't care for ruffles. She enjoys weeding more than picnics. She loves faded gowns and old-fashioned bonnets. She isn't sensitive; she doesn't care if she is forgotten.

So, too, often, mother has a corner in the family, a corner all her own, and one from which she seldom moves, but from which she scatters the blessings that are hers to give.

Too often mother is "different, somehow," and husband and children believe it, accept it—until she is gone. In too many homes mother is a part of, and still not of, the family circle.

Strange as it may seem, sons and daughters think that mother does not feel as they do, does not care as they do, is not hurt as they are hurt. But some day when their own hairs are gray and they have sons and daugh-

ters of their own, and the sweet, patient face of mother comes to them across the years, then will they know that mother was not different.

Then they will know that though her lips smiled, her heart bled. That though her tongue spoke lightly, her soul was filled with dread.

That though the thoughtless ones believed she did not care, her heart was scamed with scars and her pillow was wet with secret weeping. Oh, remember that mother does care; that in her love she wishes others to forget her needs; she wishes others to go, to dress, to be gay. But she cares.

Mother is not different; she feels, she suffers; she can weep; she can be gay.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS.

Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Is fretful and cross and so blue;
And the light in her eyes
Is all dim when she cries
And her friends, they are few, oh, so few;
And her dolls, they are nothing but saw-
dust and clothes,
Whenever she wants to go skating it
snows,
And her friends, they are few, oh, world
askew,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Now true,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Would you?

Little Miss Busy-all-day
Is cheerful and happy and gay;
She isn't a shirk,
For she smiles at her work,
And romps when it comes time to play.
Her dolls they are princesses blue-eyed
and fair,
She makes them a throne from a rickety
chair,
And everything happens the jolliest way,
I'd sooner be Little Miss Busy-all-day,
And stay
As happy as she is at work or at play,
I say.

ENVY.

Envy is one of the meanest of all the passions. It is alike offensive in the sight of God and man. It is not

only an unreasonable, but a malignant spirit. It looks with the eye of hatred upon a sister, for no other reason than because she either is, or is supposed to be, a special favorite of providence. If this hateful passion ever rises in your breast, banish it as one of the worst enemies of your happiness, your character and your soul.

SMILE AND WAIT.

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn is to smile and wait after we have done our very best.

It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. A great many people can smile at difficulties who cannot wait, who lack patience; but the woman who can both smile and wait, if she has that tenacity of purpose which never turns back, will surely win. The fact is, large things can only be done by optimists. Little successes are left to pessimistic people who cannot set their teeth, clench their fists, and smile at hardships or misfortunes and patiently wait.

Smile and wait—there are whole volumes in this sentence. It is so much easier for most people to work than to wait.

TAKE TIME TO BE ALONE.

There come times when it is most blissful to be alone, for it means a quiet time to think over your life, and whether what you are doing is right or wrong. It means deciding, with yourself as judge and jury, whether the words that you have spoken have been the right ones at the right times. It means the deciding that which is good to be done, and the planning it out so entirely that you are urged on by an inward spirit of grace to do the deed which seems just. It does not mean the wasting of time in idle thoughts, though it may mean closing your eyes and having some day-dream of future happiness. This making good dreams realities is a possibility, but we can't have the dream unless we have the little times alone when we can think out how the heart can beat for the right, how the brain can work well for its realization.—Ruth Ashmore.

LAYING HOLD ON POWER.

When you happen to be placed in a position of temptation, lift up your heart in prayer, and thus put yourself afresh in God's keeping. That was Daniel's way; the way of all the saints; a sudden lifting of the heart to God, and lo! divine power was with them. God is ever ready to hear the cry of those that call upon Him; and His answer comes with the cry. To implore is to receive strength.

LITTLE THINGS.

By Ruth Estelle Webb.

A little nest, a little egg,
A happy little bird,
A little love, a little song,
The sweetest ever heard,

A little boy, a little stone,
A flutter and a fall,

A broken egg, a wounded bird,
And that was all.

But God on high, with anxious eye
On creatures one and all,
Looked down with pain, to see one
slain,
However small.

Little Stories for Little Children.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

Rattle-ty-bang! Rattle-ty-bang! Rattle-ty-bang!

Down from the scaffold in the barn came a perfect shower of boards. They struck the floor with a terrible noise, and it did seem to the scared little boys sitting on the big beam as if the sound must be heard at least a mile off. If not as far as that, surely grandmother would hear it at the house, and come running down to see what Joey and Ted were doing.

And why were they fearful that grandmother would come?

Just because one of the boards had struck the top of the nice coop which stood on the barn floor and tipped it over, so that the old hen and all her little ones went fluttering out everywhere.

When Joey and Ted went to grandmother to ask if they might play in the barn that day, she did not know whether it would be best or not. The barn is the best place in the world for boys to play in, sure enough, but, after all, it is not quite safe for boys that try to do too many tricks, as Joey sometimes did. But Ted had come on a visit for the day; and Joey was "just as sure" that they would do nothing wrong, if only they might go down to the big barn and have a good time.

Grandma's heart was young, in spite of her white hair; and she remembered some things that grandmas sometimes forget. So she said:

"And you won't touch the chickens in the coop? You know they are just little ones, and they are such dear little things? We would not want anything to happen to them."

The boys were sure, and away they went. They tugged a lot of boards clear up to the high scaffold to make a house of. It was hard work, but they knew it would pay for all the tugs if they could once get them up there. And now they were ready to begin building.

How could they know that that one board in the floor of the scaffold would slip at the end and let their boards all down? How it did make their little hearts ache to see the pieces of boards go rattling down!

For a minute or two they sat there peeping down at the ruins below. With great cries of fear the little chicks were running here and there, while the old hen was trying so hard to call them together under her wings once more.

What could Joey and Ted do now? They wondered if they ever could catch the chickens and put them back in the coop.

"Let's try it, Joey. I can catch chickens any day!"

But while they were making their plans, all at once the big door opened, and there stood grandmother. All over her face was the sure sign of wonder as she saw that her baby chickens were in trouble. What could possibly have done it?

For a moment or two the little boys sat away up there on the beam as still as mice. If they didn't stir, maybe grandma would not know it was they who had done it all.

All the time Ted's heart was telling him that that was not just right. Had not he been the one that was to blame? If he had not been there, surely Joey would not have had this terrible thing happen to him.

Pretty soon he slipped his arm about Joey's neck, and whispered, "I'm going to tell grandma, Joey!"

"What?" asked Joey, in the same low voice.

"I'll tell you, Joey!"

Then his little voice piped out feebly from the scaffold: "It was me, grandma! You won't blame Joey, will you? The boards fell down and tipped the coop over, but Joey wasn't to blame—not a bit!"

"Nor Ted, either, grandma! 'Twas me, and I'm awfully sorry! But we'll catch 'em all, and so don't you worry!"

And down they both climbed, those

little boys, so true to each other; and before they did a single thing toward looking for the chickens, grandmother gathered her dear ones in her arms and kissed them, saying something about David and Jonathan. They did not understand all about it then, but they will some day, and so will you who read this story.

JAMIE'S "TROUBLE."

Jamie's home was a pleasant one. He had everything for his comfort, and the most loving and tender of parents, who knew how to make a happy home; but, notwithstanding all this little Jamie had a great "trouble."

His mamma had told him that everybody needed to have some trial to awaken and develop the powers of hope and faith that lie dormant in the breasts of all God's children; but that when their faith was strong enough to fully trust their heavenly Father, and they would ask Him earnestly. He would sometimes take the trial from them.

It was of this that he had been thinking very seriously of late. He told himself that now that he was six years old and had had the "trouble" such a long time, and now that he had learned such faith and trust that it was perhaps time to ask his Father in heaven to take the "trouble"—as he always called it—entirely away.

Of course he had prayed, by his mother's gentle direction, that the "trouble", might be made more easy and that they (for it belonged to the whole family), might be able to bear it without bitterness but instead learn from it lessons of love, hope, faith, charity, patience and endurance. However, he now considered that they had perhaps had it quite long enough and he resolved to ask the Lord that very day to take it from them.

Many little boys Jamie's age would not have recognized in this any trouble nor realized very much about it, but then Jamie was not quite like most boys for his heart-ache was not for himself at all but for his mother.

Ever since he could remember anything his dear gentle mamma, whom he loved very devotedly, had lain upon a bed of pain. Never had she been able to take part in their lively games or join them in their summer outings that he loved so well; and her suffering was so great at times that it was almost more than he could endure to witness. And this was Jamie's great trouble. On the day that he decided to pray for his mother's complete recovery he did not confide in her as he usually did, but was silent and self-absorbed all day.

When he said his prayers at her bed-side that evening he somehow had not the courage to make his request before her so he promised himself that he would wait until he was alone.

After the good-night kiss he patted her hand and smoothed it gently and as he lingered, the little mother enquired:

"Has my little son anything to tell me tonight?"

"A—no," answered Jamie, "er—not yet, I'll tell you something, though, sometime, but you can trust me now and wait can't you, mamma?" he added innocently imitating her own method, at which she smiled much amused.

"Of course, I can trust my big boy," she said indulgently, and he went happily off to bed. Though before he could frame a prayer for his heart's desire his baby eyes had closed languidly and he was in the land of nod.

Near mid-night he awoke startled by an awful sound: it was his mother sobbing and moaning in an agony of pain. He was out of his bed in an instant.

"O, mamma," he cried in great fright, "are you having a bad spell?"

"Yes, oh what shall I do without help. Dear me! if your papa were only here!" wailed the desperate woman.

"Mamma," said the boy his sensitive spirit full of sympathy, "is there no earthly help I can get for you?"

"No, child, there is no one near to help me," she cried.

"Mamma," began the lad in an

awed whisper coming close to the bed. Mamma, dear, God is always near to help you and will He not hear me as well as papa?"

"Yes, dearest," answered his mother, calmed by his manliness and courage, and reassured by his faith.

Quietly he knelt beside her bed and innocently laid his hands upon her head as he had seen his papa do and then he prayed. His words were few and his voice low, but God heard him and that moment took little Jamie's "trouble" away.

When he arose from his knees, the night, which had been stormy and dark seemed calmed, too, and the moon pushing out from behind a black cloud revealed the little fellow standing there gazing with faith-lit eyes at his beloved mother.

"You are going to get all well now mamma," he said firmly but quietly.

The grateful woman reached out her arms and clasped him to his breast.

"You blessed boy!" she cried, "my pain is all gone and I, too, know that I am going to get quite well.

And so she did.—Ida Stewart Peay.

HANSCHEN'S STORY.

There is a country that is as flat as the palm of your hand when you spread it out. The sea once flowed over a great deal of that country, but the people when the tides were low fenced out the sea with big walls of earth and planks and stones.

Of course, it took a long time to make all those great walls, and now they are covered with grass and trees, and, inside them, there are fields and farms and houses and streets and many people.

But always the sea beats upon the outside walls of the dikes, so the Dutch people who live there have to be very careful and watch their walls, lest the water should soak through in a weak place, and loosen the stones, and sweep away the dikes, and flood the fields, and drown the people.

In that country lived a little boy

called Hanschen: Hanschen is Dutch for little John. Hanschen was very fond of playing in the boats; which would have been all right, only the boats generally had some water in them and that wet Hanschen's shoes.

Hanschen was too little to take off his own shoes, so, when the water spoiled them, his papa had to buy new ones for him.

Now Hanschen's papa knew that there were a great many things that he could buy with the money that he had to spend for shoes, so he asked Hanschen not to play in the boats.

Hanschen told his papa he would not, except when there was someone there to take off his shoes.

One day Hanschen came home from school with his shoes soaking wet. The family lived in the country and Hanschen had to walk a very long way to school.

When Hanschen's papa saw how wet his shoes were, he said, "Now Hanschen, you have been playing in the boats again. I shall have to punish you."

But Hanschen said, "No, papa, I have not been playing in the boats at all."

"Why Hanschen!" said his papa, "you must have been. See how wet your shoes are!"

"No," said Hanschen, "I haven't been near the boats at all."

Hanschen's papa was very angry, because he really thought poor Hanschen was saying what was not true.

But Hanschen was not that kind of a boy.

"Well," his papa said, "how did you get your shoes so wet?"

"I got them wet crossing a little stream."

"Hanschen," said his papa, "you must not say such things; there isn't any stream between our farm and the school."

Poor Hanschen began to cry. "I did truly get wet crossing the stream, and there was truly a stream, papa."

Just then Hanschen's mamma came in and asked what was the matter.

When she heard, she said, "I didn't think Hanschen would say anything that isn't true. Maybe he means a puddle."

"No," said Hanschen's papa, "for it is sea water. I can see the salt dried on the shoes and it smells of sea water, too."

"Well," said Hanschen's mamma, "Hanschen never, never says anything that isn't true, and he said he would not play in the boats, and now he says he did not. Maybe there really is a stream that we don't remember, and maybe the salt on his shoes is only some old salt coming out from the time they got wet before. Wait a bit, I'm going to see!"

So she went off on the way to school. She had hardly got out of sight of the house when she began to scream, "The dike, the dike! the sea has broken through!" And she screamed and screamed till many people came running and saw the little stream soaking through the grass.

They followed it up till they found where it was leaking through the dike, and drove big trunks of trees down into the dike—and so kept out the sea.

If his mamma had not believed Hanschen and gone to look, the sea would have made the hole bigger and bigger in the night, until the waves came in, and flooded the country and drowned the people, too.

After that, I think that if Hanschen had said a cable car had chased him upstairs, the people would have said, "We don't see how that could be, but if Hanschen says it did, it must be so!"

The Little Dreamer.

A little boy was dreaming

Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars
And the stars fell into his cap.

So when the dream was over,

What did that little boy do?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it wasn't true.


---Nursery Nonsense.






HIDING FROM PAPA.



PINKY-WINKY STORIES








CLIP! clap! went the , and lo, and behold, a Pinky-Winky Pitcher!






Pinky and Winky were the two dear little twin  at Sunnyhill.

 wore a  on the left side of her head, and  wore a bow on the right side of her head, and that was the way Uncle Billy told them apart.

When  cut pretty things out of white paper, he always called them "Pinky-Winky" things, because they were cut out to please the .


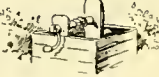


"The Pinky-Winky ,

" said Uncle Billy, " was a plump little blue and white , and it belonged to a plump little  with a blue and white  on her head and a string of blue  round her neck.

The  was busy from morning till night, carrying water from the , and milk from the , and cider made of sweet red  from the .






But, dear dear! it was a naughty little

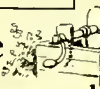










, and pouted because it had so much to do. 'I am tired,' it said, 'of going to the  for water and to the  for milk and to the  for cider!

I should like to be the  that hangs in the . Then I could keep quiet all day long.'



Such a bad little Pinky-Winky Pitcher!" said . "Now one day the plump little  took the Pitcher to the  for water, and her plump little  slipped, and down went the  , splash,

dash, into the  ! Oh, how dark it was down there, and how cold the water felt! 'If I could only see the  shine and hear the little  laugh once more,' cried the sorry little  , 'Oh, what a good, good little Pitcher I would be!' Then the plump little girl's papa came and leaned over the  , and caught the handle of the Pitcher with his  and pulled. And up it came, all safe,

except for one big nick in the edge,---like this." Clip! clap! went the  , and there was the  with the nick in the edge. "The nick helped it to remember," said  . "And



you never in your life saw anything any better than the Pinky-Winky Pitcher was ever afterwards!"

The Children's Budget Box.

Two of the articles awarded prizes under competition No. 3 were crowded out last month, and we will publish them next month. Quite a number of meritorious drawings have been sent in on lined or colored paper. These cannot be reproduced satisfactorily. Please remember to use only white plain paper, and drawings in black and white are preferred.



By Raphael Lillywhite.
Age 18. Col. Morelos, Mexico.

Vacation in Mexico.

City of Mexico, June 18, 1910.

Dear Uncle Jim:

I would be very glad to have you come and spend your vacation with us.

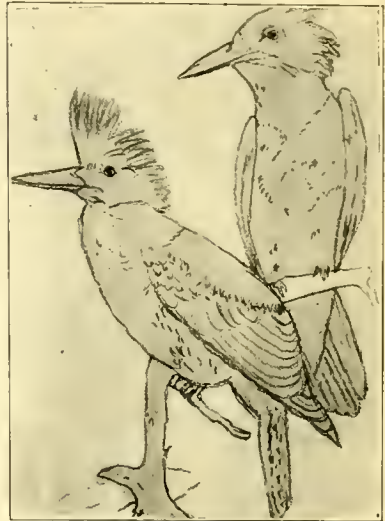
We would first go to Chapultepec. It has nice roads and street cars running out there, and there are statues of great men all along the road; and on both sides of the street there is grass, with flowers mixed in to adorn it, and also trees on both sides of the road that make it nice and shady. When we get there we will see President Diaz's castle, with guards all around it. We will also see many wild animals caged up, such as lions, tigers, bears, ant eaters, monkeys, two ostriches, and parrots. Next we will pass by a little place where President Diaz keeps his gold fish. If you drop a crumb of bread in the water, the fish will swim up as fast as they can to get it.

We will leave Chapultepec and go to the museum. There we will see all kinds of things such as idols, rocks that have carvings that have been dug from old ruins, snakes, all kinds of dead animals, dishes more than a hundred years old, and a skeleton of a large animal which is now extinct.

The next place we will go is the art gallery. There we will see old paintings and costly paintings of nearly every kind. Afterwards we will go to the Cathedral and floating gardens, and other places.

I am sure you will have a good time if you will come.

From your nephew,
Age 12. JOSE HARRIS.



By Frances M. Curtis.
Age 14. Murray, Utah.

MOTHER.

I have the dearest mother,
That ever dwelt on earth;
And she tells us good stories,
As we sit around the hearth.

Her face is very radiant,
Just like an angel bright;
And she is always cheerful,
Even in the darkest night.

She is so very good,
I never could find another,
That would be as good to me,
As my beloved mother.

She always has a smile,
Morning, noon and night,
And though the day be dreary,
Our home is always bright.

Mabel Law,
Age 12. Avon, Utah.

COMPETITION NO. 6.

Book premiums will be awarded for the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size and subject.

Drawings: Any size and subject.

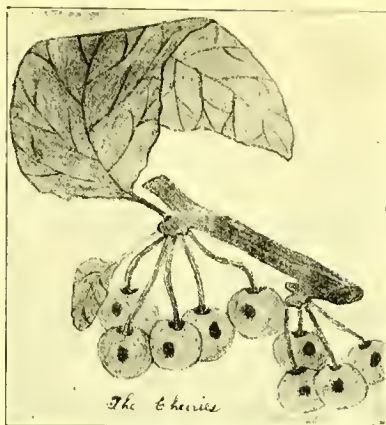
Rules.

Competition will close Sept. 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses and stories should be written on one side of the paper only.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.



The Cherry.
By Mary Shick.
Paris, Idaho.

The Juvenile Instructor Puzzle Page.

The June Puzzle.

The Deseret Sunday School songs represented by our June picture puzzle are as follows:

1. We are the Bees of Deseret.
2. Beautiful Home.
3. Little Lispers.
4. Make the World Brighter.
5. Secret Prayer.
6. Easter Morning.

This puzzle proved to be very popular. More than three hundred letters were received, but, strange to say, not one was correct. Applying a strict rule we owe no prizes, but as there was only one chance in ten of getting the right answer to any of the six pictures, we are going to be even more liberal than we promised for correct answers. We have taken seventeen of the best answers and will award prizes to the writers as follows:

- Olice Huber, Col. Morelos, Mexico.
- Mary Murri, Midway, Utah.
- Rex Johnson, Huntington, Utah.
- Audrin H. Hyde, Logan, Utah.
- Ada Hokanson, Herbert, Idaho.
- Delsy Workman, Hurricane, Utah.
- Wilda Stone, Driggs, Idaho.
- Dean Rawson, Ogden, Utah.
- Hazel McDonald, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Ivy Carrie Nielson, Hunter, Utah.
Gwendolyn Bryner, Raymond, Alta, Canada.

Willie Starkey, Cumberland, Wyo.
Gretta Coulam, Salt Lake City.
Caseel Stowell, Logan, Utah.
Lucille Kenney, Holden, Utah.
Attella Jenkins, Rigby, Idaho.
Ruth Wood, Holden, Utah.

Penmanship Contest.

For the best written copies of The Beatitudes (Matthew 5:3-12), which will be used as the concert recitation for August, September and October, (see JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, July, 1910, p. 351), we will give prizes of books. Prizes will be given for each year under 18, so that the contestants will be equally matched.

Rules.

All copies must be in our hands by September 1st. The Beatitudes must be written on one sheet of white paper, and on one side only. Style may be vertical or spencerian.

Address: Puzzle Editor, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. So. Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Jocular Mood.

In the Gloaming.

You were a long time getting me,
John, dear!"

"And you were a long time waiting,
pet!"

A Narrow Escape.

"How many times have you been married?"

"Three, but—"

"Madam," he interrupted. "I'm taking the census, not proposing."—Detroit Free Press.

Good Enough.

Wife.—"I suppose if you should meet some pretty young girl you would cease to care for me."

Husband.—"What nonsense you talk! What do I care for youth or beauty? You suit me all right."—M. A. P.

Natural History.

There were once some kitty cats
Who lived by a river's bank;
They drank of the water
Much more than they oughter
Till all but their cat-tails sank!

Then sad was the cow by the lake,
Who took there a daily dip;
But the bank it was steep,
And it 'most makes me weep—
There grows there a big cow-slip!

There were once some little pups
Who barked more than they should—
Till round trees in the dark
They lost most of their bark,
Which never a wise dog would!

What Mother Tells Me.

When Mother was a little maid
She was so very good—
I really often think that she
Must have been made of wood.
She never, never played a trick
On her pet pussy "Tib;"
She would not tease; she would not
The tiniest little fib.
She always kept her dresses clean;
Her curls were brushed just right;
She never cried and coaxed that she
Might stay up late at night.
And very often, when I've been
In mischief and been bad,
I think, "Ain't it an awful shame
That I took after Dad?"

A Case of Necessity.

A weary guest at a small and not very clean country inn was repeatedly called, the morning after his arrival, by the colored man of all work.

"See here!" he finally burst forth, "how many times have I told you I don't want to be called! I want to sleep!"

"I know, suh, but dey've got to hab de sheets, anyhow. It's almos' eight o'clock an' dey's waitin' fo' de table-clof."



FIVE TINY TIMID TOTS.

Book Review.

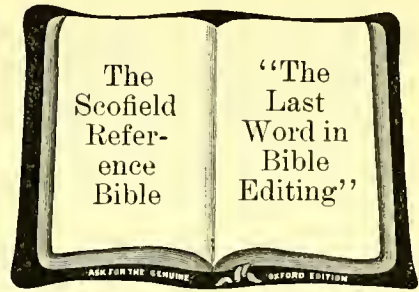
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"Four Boys and a Fortune" was written by E. T. Tomlinson. It relates the experiences of Lee Harris and his three friends who have gone on a trip to England. Lee's father inherits an interest in some coal lands in England. Lee is sent to gain possession. He becomes separated from his friends and is, for a time, lost to them, but finally turns up with his affairs all fixed. The story is not very strong, but is clean.

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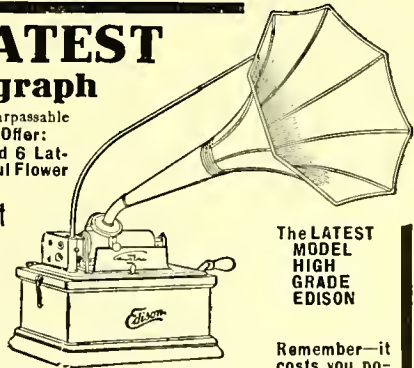
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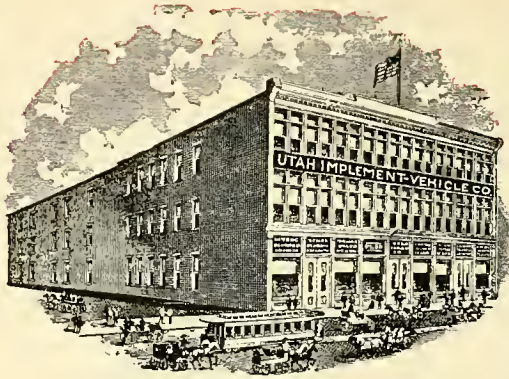
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